

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,  
Volume XXXIII. }

No. 1914. — February 19, 1881.

{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CXLVIII.

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## POETRY.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

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## ANCESTRAL PORTRAITS.

I AM pleased you see the traces  
In these sweet "Sir Joshua" faces,  
Of my features, and my eyes;  
Fair they are, that girl and brother,  
With their young and smiling mother,  
Beautiful beyond disguise.

For observe their dress how simple,  
Muslin with embroidered wimple,  
Yet I think the effect is good;  
Scant perchance, yet freely flowing;  
Nothing to impede the growing  
Into graceful womanhood.

And their houses were not cumbered  
With the rarities unnumbered,  
Wherewith now we deck our rooms;  
Wainscot walls, and plainly tinted;  
Nothing vivid, save where glinted  
Sunshine on a bowl of blooms.

And their gardens differed greatly  
From all those we have seen lately,  
Where the flowers in strange device  
Grow as in a brodered cushion,  
Holding all that art can push in,  
Without leave to spread or rise.

Their flowers grew in natural order,  
In the wide old-fashioned border,  
Bright with pink and peony;  
With tall hollyhocks in posies,  
Stocks, and lavender, and roses,  
Purple larkspur, and sweet pea.

And I liked their yew-cut alleys,  
Framing vistas of the valleys,  
And the church-tower, and the lea,  
And the stately trees whose shadow  
Fell at eve o'er park and meadow,  
Century after century.

Their amusements — well, for certain,  
If on them I lift the curtain,  
You'll pronounce them tame and few;  
And a yellow page you're turning —  
You would scrutinize their learning;  
Ah, it would seem small to you,

Who have sat for hours in classes,  
Making notes of all that passes,  
But you see their sphere was *home*;  
There they reigned supreme and thrifty,  
And the matron long past fifty,  
Kept her dignity and bloom.

And they had their Christmas dances,  
Summer junketings and fancies,  
And the daintiest, cheeriest teas;  
Sometimes too a little scandal;  
But a strain from Boyce or Handel  
Cleared the air like summer breeze.

And although they might work blindly,  
Yet their aims were good and kindly;  
In their quiet neighborhood  
Not a child but knew and loved them,  
Old and middle-aged approved them,  
And took pattern as they could.

So they lived, my ancestresses,  
Simple, unperplexed by guesses  
At God's secrets veiled for aye:  
Books were fewer, knowledge rarer;  
But none nobler, sweeter, fairer,  
Grace the England of to-day.  
Chambers' Journal. M. L.

## OUTDOOR SONNETS.

## TENANTLESS.

A LEVEL waste, where sheep are starving drear,  
And lawnings breed, and sapless windle-  
straws  
Weakly submissive to the gusty flaws,  
Forever round the waste forlornly veer;  
In midst whereof, most desolate, appear  
Four grey walls round an empty house: you  
pause  
As you pass by, and ask what fool he was  
That built, and brought his household darlings  
*here!*

No pathway through the waste leads to the  
door  
That fronts the snow-cold hills; the lake  
between,  
When, as to-day, a north wind's blowing  
keen,  
Sends to the very doorstep, cold and hoar,  
Patches of flying foam: — a dreary scene!  
Thank Heaven! to be lived in by child no  
more!

## ON GRANTON PIER.

WELL, this is what I saw on Granton Pier:  
In front, the Firth! "Oh, that is nothing  
new?"  
Ay, but you never saw a bonnier blue  
Than its glad waters wore. The day was clear,  
And — you may laugh — to me they seemed to  
rear  
Their waves in actual joy! Now, *this* is  
true —  
One of the waves took wings, became a mew,  
And sunward rose upon a new career!

Across the Firth I saw the coast of Fife,  
With here a cliff and there a nestling town;  
And here and there the hillsides showed the  
strife  
Of April green contesting winter brown;  
And eastward far the horizon's edge was rife  
With clean white sails that rose and sank  
adown.

Blackwood's Magazine.

From The Edinburgh Review.

JACOB VAN ARTEVELD, THE BREWER OF GHENT.\*

THE oldest, and perhaps the strongest, link which binds England to the continent of Europe is the relation of this country to Flanders. There, on the eastern shore of the German Ocean, where Charlemagne planted a Saxon colony a thousand years ago on the *littus Saxonicum*, still lives a people singularly congenial to ourselves. The same eager pursuit of trade, the same skill in manufactures, the same attachment to municipal government and political freedom, and during many centuries a common fear of France, united the people of England to the people of Bruges, Ghent, and Antwerp. In times of trouble and persecution many an English fugitive found a refuge in the Scheldt; and from the counts of Flanders to the dukes of Burgundy, and even to their Spanish descendants and heirs, the rulers of the Low Countries almost invariably looked to the alliance and support of the English crown. To this day the independence of Belgium is an object of paramount interest to England. The history of the Commons of Flanders is therefore one of peculiar interest to ourselves, and we shall make no apology for presenting to our readers an episode taken from these Flemish annals. A great English poet has already given to the name of Philip van Arteveld a lasting place in English literature. Our present subject concerns the father of that eminent person, whose character and fate were not less heroic and tragical than those of his son.

\* 1. *Jacques d'Artevelde*. Par KERVYN DE LETTENHOVE. Gand: 1863.

2. *Recherche des Antiquitez et Noblesse de Flandres*. Par PHILIPPE DE L'ESPINOV, Vicomte de Thérouenne. Douay: 1632.

3. *Annales de Flandres de P. d'Oudegherst*. Par M. LESBROUSSART. Gand: 1789.

4. *Korte Levensschets van Jacob van Arteveld*. Door LIEVEN EVERKYN. Gent: 1845.

5. *Mémoires sur la ville de Gand*. Par le Chevalier CHARLES-LOUIS DIERICK. Gand: 1814.

6. *Cronijcke van den Lande ende Graefschape van Vlaenderen*. Gemaect door JOR. NICOLAËS DESPARES. Te Brugge: 1839.

7. *Memorie Boek der Stadt Ghent*, 1301-1737. Ghent: 1839.

8. *Le Siècle des Artevelde*. Par LEON VANDERKINDERE, Professeur à l'Université de Bruxelles. Bruxelles: 1879.

The numerous works placed at the head of this article sufficiently indicate the interest which attaches to the family of Arteveld, and we are indebted to them and to some researches of our own for the story we are about to lay before our readers.

Casting about for allies to aid him in enforcing his claim to the crown of France, Edward III. was counselled by his father-in-law, the count of Hainault, to secure the support of the Flemish Communes. The chief manufacturing towns of Flanders had been alienated from their own count, Louis de Nevers — sometimes called Louis de Crècy — by reason of his grievous exactions and entire submission to his overlord, the king of France. It was at the instigation of Philip of Valois that, in the autumn of 1336, the count, without either provocation or warning, threw into prison every Englishman found within his territories. Philip's object was plainly manifest. There was nothing he more desired than to bring about a rupture between England and Flanders, for he had observed with much anxiety the excellent relations, based on mutual interests, that had sprung up between the wool-producers of the one country and the manufacturers of the other. As it chanced, he overshot the mark. Edward indeed shortly afterwards retaliated by arresting the Flemings within his own dominions, and prohibiting the exportation of wool. Deprived of the raw material of their industry, the Flemish looms were thrown out of work, and the weavers were reduced to destitution. They were sufficiently logical, however, to trace their sufferings to their true source, and to regard as their real enemy not the English monarch, but their own sovereign. Edward, moreover, took some trouble to exculpate himself, and assured both the count of Flanders and the magistrates of the chief towns that he much desired to revive the old friendship which had proved so pleasant and advantageous alike to them and to his own subjects. To these overtures Louis de Nevers turned a deaf ear, for the privations of his people were, in his eyes, of much less importance than the favor of the prince at whose court he habitually resided.

In the following year the States of Flanders, Brabant, and Hainault, entered into an offensive and defensive alliance, by which they agreed to refer all future disputes between themselves to arbiters chosen from among their most eminent townsmen, and to reopen commercial relations with England. These resolutions having been communicated to Edward, he lost no time in deputing the Bishop of Lincoln and the Earls of Huntingdon and Salisbury to negotiate personally with the great men and great cities of Flanders. His envoys were instructed to express the king's readiness to re-establish the wool-staple in that province whence it had been removed to Dordrecht, and to betroth his daughter Joan to the count's son, Louis de Mâle—so called from a château near Bruges in which he was born, and which is still inhabited. The Flemings naturally attached immense importance to having a depot or emporium of wool in one of their own cities, because, as we read in the "*Cronique de Flandres*:"\* "Toute Flandres estoit fondée sur draperie, et sans laine on ne pouvoit draper." The English envoys appear to have visited "the three good towns" of Bruges, Ghent, and Ypres, but it was in Ghent they made their longest stay, and, according to Froissart, "spent such sums that gold and silver seemed to fly out of their hands." With all their patriotism the worthy Flemings had a keen eye to their personal interests; and Walsingham sarcastically remarks, "Plus saccos quam Anglos venerabantur." There is reason to believe that Jacob van Arteveld played a conspicuous part in the negotiations which ensued, and Sismondi is scandalized that a prelate so eminent as the Bishop of Lincoln should have condescended to hold any sort of intercourse with a dealer in hydromel.† A genial hospitality was at the same time exercised towards the English nobles by Zegher or Sohier de Courtrai, lord of Dronghen or

Tronchiennes, the grandfather of the brewer, if we follow M. Auguste Voisin—or his father-in-law, if we adopt the guidance of Baron Kervyn de Lettenhove. In either case, he is described by Meyer as "eques Flandrus nobilissimus," as a citizen of Ghent, and "baro præcipuus Flandriæ." Jehan le Bel, too, has a good word to say for him, as "ung vaillant chevalier ancien qui demouroit à Gand, et y estoit moult fort aimé. L'appeloit-on," he continues, "Messire Courtesin, et estoit chevalier banneret; et le tenoit-on pour le plus preu chevalier de Flandre, et pour le plus vaillant homme, et qui le plus vassaument avoit toudis servi les seigneurs." These services were now forgotten, as well as the prowess which had won the honor of knighthood on the field of battle. Like the Van Artevels, Sohier de Courtrai\* belonged to the commercial nobility, and was, consequently, rather popular with the citizens than acceptable to the count. It is certain that his hospitable reception of Edward's envoys gave sore umbrage to Louis de Nevers, who invited him to Bruges to attend a general assembly of deputies from the Flemish Communes. The invitation was accepted, but on his arrival the aged knight was treacherously arrested and conveyed to the Château de Rupelmonde on the Scheldt. In vain did the towns of Flanders implore the count to release his venerable prisoner, nor was the Duke of Brabant's intercession a whit more efficacious. The count also attempted to intercept the English envoys, but they, being timely warned, returned home by way of Holland.

Irritated by the failure of his conciliatory measures, Edward despatched an expedition against Cadzand, a small island lying at the entrance of Sluys harbor, and a favorite station of the French cruisers employed in intercepting English vessels laden with wool. After a stout resistance by the men of Bruges, the count's brother was taken prisoner, five hundred Flemings were put to the sword, and the place given up to plunder. The loyalty of the Bruges citizens was rewarded by permission to

\* *Cronique de Flandres*, anciennement composée par auteur incertain, et nouvellement mise en lumière par Denis Sauvage de Fontenailles en Brie, Historiographe du Très Chrétien Roy Henry, second de ce nom. Lyon, 1572.

† "L'évêque de Lincoln ne dédaigna point de traiter avec ce bourgeois, qui levoit contre son souverain l'étendard de la révolte."—Hist. des Français, tome x. Paris, 1823.

\* Translated by Carte "Lord of Courtesy," vol. iii., bk. x.



restore the fortifications of their town, which had been partially demolished after the rout at Cassel in 1328. A heavy fine was at the same time imposed upon the burghers of Ghent, who pleaded earnestly for pardon — their delegates falling on their knees before the count, whose resentment was to be pacified neither by money nor by submission. Their misery had become almost intolerable. The artisans were reduced to the utmost destitution. Some idea may be formed of the privations they were compelled to undergo by imagining what might have been the condition of the Lancashire operatives during the civil war in North America had there been no poor-law to afford relief, and no charitable fund to preserve the semblance of a home for necessitous families. No such aid was forthcoming in Ghent. Not a few of the weaver class emigrated to England, where they were kindly received and enabled to commence life afresh in a foreign land, and where, Michelet assures us, they imparted solidity to the English character, and developed habits of patience, industry, and perseverance. These fugitives settled themselves in the eastern counties, particularly at Worstead in Norfolk, which, indeed, became famous for a particular kind of yarn spun from combed wool. Bands of starving men paraded the streets of Ghent, shouting "*Vriheden ende neer- ringhen!*" — Liberty and work! — while idle ruffians inspired the peaceful inhabitants with well-grounded alarm, and compelled the white-hooded magistrates to exercise a ruthless severity.

Happily, at that critical moment a rumor went abroad that a rich burgher, a man of foresight and discretion, had been heard to say that he knew a remedy for the existing evils, and that, if his advice were followed, plenty would soon take the place of want. It was Christmas-time, but no season of rejoicing for those who were clamoring for bread for their wives and little ones. As usually happens on occasions of enforced idleness, crowds of men out of employment gathered together at the corners of streets and in market-places, when suddenly, as by a common impulse, they began to move in the direc-

tion of the Paddenhoek, or Toads' Corner, saying one to another: "Come along — let us hear what this man of wit has to say!"\* They found him whom they sought standing with his back to his own door. He listened to their complaints, but reserved his reply for the following day, December 27, 1337, when he invited all who cared to hear him to assemble at the monastery of Biloke. This wise and discreet citizen was named Jacob van Arteveld, generally represented as a seditious fellow, of low extraction, ready to sacrifice king, earl, and country, to enrich and aggrandize himself. It is worth a little trouble to trace this calumny to its origin, and to restore the so-called "Brewer of Ghent" to his true position in history as a far-seeing statesman and an enlightened, disinterested patriot. This article will have been written in vain if the reader does not rise from its perusal with the conviction that to Jacob van Arteveld is justly applicable the eulogy which Clarendon passed upon John Hampden: "He was, indeed, a very wise man and of great parts, and possessed with the most absolute spirit of popularity, and the most absolute faculties to govern the people, of any man I ever knew."

Gilles li Muisis, abbot of St. Martin's Monastery at Tournai, who died about the middle of the fourteenth century, says, under the date of 1345 — only eight years before his own death — that Arteveld "regnavit per septem annos, et fuit gubernator et superior totius villæ Gantii ac totius patriæ Flandriæ, et ad ejus imperium et voluntatem obediebant, et nihil in dictâ patriâ fiebat sine eo." He adds that he was always accompanied by twenty-five to thirty armed men "*fortissimis et ad bella promptissimis*. Et multa mala evenerunt per eum et propter eum." This small band of followers was increased to sixty or eighty by the canon Jehan le Bel, who belonged to one of the noblest families of Liège, and died about the year 1370. Describing the ill feeling that existed between Louis de Nevers and the Flemings, he proceeds to remark: —

\* "*Alons, alons oyr le bon conseil du saige homme,*" is Froissart's dramatic expression.

Il y avoit ung homme à Gand qui avoit nom Jacques d'Artevelle, et avoit esté brasseur de mies (miel). Celluy Jacques estoit entré en si grande fortune et grâce envers les Flamens que c'estoit tout fait et bien fait quanques il vouloit deviser ou commander par toutes Flandres, de l'ung costé jusques à l'autre : et n'y avoit cil, combien grand qu'il fust, qui osast trespasser son commandement.\*

From the canon of Liège we may pass at a bound to Sir John Froissart, the authority quoted, directly or indirectly, by nearly all subsequent historians. Several editions of these famous chronicles passed under the hands of their author, and underwent material modifications in the process. The manuscript of Amiens is the oldest and most complete : that of the Vatican includes only the first portion of the series. These manuscripts have been most carefully collated by M. Simon Luce in the great edition of Froissart published by the Société de l'Histoire de France, which far surpasses all its predecessors and is a work of great merit. M. Kervyn de Lettenhove, however, relies on the manuscript preserved in the Vatican Library, in which it is written: "Avoit à Gand un bourgeois qui se nommoit Jaquemon Dartevelle, hauster homme, sage et soutil durement, et fist tant par sa poissance que toute la ville de Gand fu encline à luy et à ses volentés." It is further said that Van Arteveld was alarmed at the fate of Sohier de Courtrai, and was seized with the apprehension that he himself would be the next victim to the count's jealousy. He therefore made himself master of Ghent, and took care to be always surrounded by a guard of one hundred to one hundred and twenty "varlès tous armés." His next step was to raise "une sexste de compagnons en Gand que on nommoit les Blans Capérons, et en fist à tous livrée et estoient bien sis mille, et tous les jours mouteplioient-il et portoient volontiers les blans capérons, car il avoient mieuls titre de faire mal que li aultre qui nul n'en avoient, et n'en portoient nuls se il n'estoit tout fin hors mauvais."

Attention is particularly requested for the mention of these "Blans Capérons," as it furnishes an easy explanation of the character of the guard which waited upon Van Arteveld. That point will be dealt with sufficiently in its proper place, and in the mean while it may be convenient to extract Lord Berners' quaint and vigorous

rendering of the commonly accepted text of the gossiping old chronicler : —

In this season (A.D. 1337) there was great dyscorde betwene the erle of Flaunders and the Flemynges; for they wold nat obey him, nor he durst nat abyde in Flaunders, but in great parell. And in ye towne of Gaunt there was a man, a maker of honey,\* called Jaques Dartvell, he was entred into such fortune and grace of the people that all thyng was done that he dydde; he might commande what he wolde through all Flaunders, for there was non though he were neuer so great yt durst disobey his commandeement. He had alwayes goyng with hym up and downe in Gaunt LX or fourscore varlettes armed, and amonge them there were thre or foure that knewe ye secretnes of his mynde; so that if he mette a parsonne that he hated, or had hym in suspectyon, incontynent he was slayne; for he had commanded his secret varlettes, that whannesoeuer he mette any persone and made such a sygne to them, that incontynent they shulde slee hym, whatsoeuer he were, without any wordes or resonyng; and by yt meanes he made many to be slayne, wherby he was so doughted that none durst speke agaynst any thyng that he wolde haue done, so that every man was gladd to make hym good chere. And these varlettes whan they had brought hym home to his house, than they shulde go to dyner where they lyst, and after dyner returne agayne into the strete before his lodgyng, and there abyde tyll he come out, and to wait on hym tyll souper tyme. These souldyours had ech of them foure grotes flemmyshe by the day, and were truly payd, wekely. Thus he had in euery towne souldyers and seruantes at his wages, redy to do his commandeement, and to espy if there were any person that wolde rebell agaynste his mynde, and to enforme hym thereof; and as sone as he knewe any suche he wolde neuer cease tyll they were banysshed or slayne, without respyte. All such great men as knyghtes, squires, or burgeses of good townes as he thought fauourable to therle in any manner, he banysshed them out of Flaunders, and wolde leuey the moyte of their landes to his owne vse, and thother halfe to their wyues and chyl dren, such as were banysshed; of whome there were a great nombre abode at saynt Omers.† To speke properly, there was neuer in Flaunders, nor in none other contrey, prince, duke, nor other that ruled a countrey so pesably, so long as Jaques Dartvell dyd rule Flaunders. He leueyed the rentes, wynages, and rights that pertained to therle throughout all Flaunders, and spended all at his pleasure, without any accompt making; and whan he wold say y<sup>t</sup> he lacked money, they beleued hym, and so it behoued them to

\* *Brasseur de miel*; more correctly translated by Colonel Johnes of Hafod as "a man that had formerly been a brewer of metheglin" — mead.

† These refugees, according to Froissart, were called *les avoiez*; according to Jehan le Bel, *les aveniz*, or *les oultre aveniz*.

\* Les Vraies Chroniques de Messire Jehan le Bel, ch. xxvi. Bruxelles, 1863.

do, for none durst say agaynst hym; whan he wold borowe any thyng of any burgesse there was none durst say hym nay.

The portrait stands out clear and palpable, but that it is not the true presentment of Jacob van Arteveld will presently be shown. Moreover, the hands may be the hands of Froissart, but the voice is the voice of Jehan le Bel. The former has amplified and exaggerated the narrative of his predecessor, just as Hume has improved upon the romance of the latter. A contemporary writer, Jan de Klerk, of Antwerp, whose rhymed chronicle has been rendered into modern French by the late M. Octave Delapierre, appears to have expressed himself far more moderately:—

At Ghent there arose all at once a man who was neither rich nor noble, but who acquired such an influence that very soon the whole country obeyed him. He spoke well, was very courageous, and was named Jacques d'Artevelde. Assisted by numerous partisans, he opposed the Count of Flanders, and was minded to take measures to resist him, as well as Philip of Valois, both of whom hated him mortally. He succeeded in forming an alliance between Edward, King of England, Flanders, Brabant, and the Count of Holland.

Still more favorable is the evidence of the "*Cronique de Flandres*," edited by Denis Sauvage. He is there described as "un homme de la ville de Gand de moult cler engin, qu'on appeloit Jacques de Hartvelde. Cestui avoit esté avec le Comte de Valois outre les mons et en l'Isle de Rhodes, et puis fut varlet de la fruiterie de Messire Loys de France (Louis X.). En après s'en ala à Gand, dont il fut né, et y prit à femme une brasseresse de miel."

In the first continuation of the Chronicle of Guillaume de Nangis, Jacob van Arteveld is mentioned as the leader of the Flemish insurgents, but it is acknowledged that their object was not to renounce their allegiance to the French king, or even to their own count, but rather to compel the latter to refrain from his evil ways, and to govern them with justice and equity. It is true that, when Van Arteveld was encamped with Edward under the walls of Tournai, he is spoken of as the captain "*sectæ Flammingerum pessimæ*." Similarly, in the second continuation, after an acknowledgment of his eloquence, he is pointed at as "*iste Jacobus*," and is accused of attempting to murder a priest, "*sed Deus, qui suorum est custos obedientium, non permisit*." As few of the old historians can be quite

trusted for dates, it is hard to say whether or not Meyer\* was justified in raising Van Arteveld to pre-eminence over his fellow-citizens so far back as 1335, though it is not improbable, as he was evidently a personage of considerable note and influence when Edward's envoys arrived in Ghent. In any case this is what is said of him:—

The men of Ghent were the first, though without the sanction of the count, to promise assistance to the English, and chose for themselves a tribune and leader in James Arteveld, a brave man and especially distinguished for his eloquence, of gentle rather than of noble blood, who had resided at the court of the king of the French, and on returning to his own house had taken to wife a woman of some opulence, a maker of mead, and was elected president of the operatives.

Further on, indeed, he is spoken of as a low-born, factious citizen, who gave to the flames the town and country houses of those who had fled with the count. His civic position will be explained hereafter, but under the date of 1337 he appears as the duly elected and, so to speak, constitutional president of the three great towns, Ghent, Bruges, and Ypres.

The royal power, however, was held in check by three towns of Flanders, who claimed for themselves in all things the supreme military and civil authority, having appointed Arteveld their president and captain. That triad was to Flanders as a senate or a dictator, and the whole of Flanders was compelled to obey their decrees and statutes. . . . A few of the nobles also were arrested by Arteveld, whom he kept as hostages, in order to render the nobility less actively hostile to himself.

Van Arteveld was, in fact, the captain of the civic militia, raised by the chief men of the "three good towns" to defend their liberties alike against foreign and internal foes. Like Sohier de Courtrai, he belonged to the "*milites burgenses*," who were constantly coming into collision with the territorial nobles, whose sympathies were all with the count and king, and in whose eyes the burgher community was composed of a turbulent, seditious, insolent rabble. It will have been remarked that he is classed by Van Meyer with those of gentle rather than of noble blood, while his imprisonment, as hostages, of a few members of the baronial order illustrates the difference of political views which separated the military

\* *Commentarii sive Annales rerum Flandricarum*, autore Jacobo Meyero, Babiliano. Antwerp, 1561.

from the commercial aristocracy. It may be observed in this place that Meyer is corroborated by D'Oudegherst\* in assigning Van Arteveld's elevation to the year 1335.

Or estoit en ce temps capitaine et grand doyen de ceux de Gand un homme fait et nay à toutes séditions, appelé Jacques d'Artevelde, brasseur, lequel, par ses malicieuses pratiques, usurpoit journellement et de plus en plus sur les droictz, prééminences, et autoritez du prince, dont le dict Comte Louys se plaindoit grandement, et signamment de ceux de Gand, entre lesquels et luy yssirent au moyen de ce plusieurs questions et debat.

Pierre d'Oudegherst was a native of Lille, a doctor of laws, esteemed for his general familiarity with public affairs, and much consulted by reason of his special knowledge of jurisprudence. Naturally enough, a man of his training and peculiar reading, who flourished in the latter half of the sixteenth century, would be unfavorably biassed in treating of a movement which he could only regard as a revolt against the divine right of kings and princes. It is much to be regretted that the majority of the old chroniclers and historians, being for the most part churchmen connected with noble families, were inevitably warped by their early reading and habitual associations, and filled with ineradicable prejudices against all popular movements, and whatever might seem to imperil the existing order or things. It must be confessed, however, that Professor Lesbroussart's footnotes are not less bitter than the text they profess to elucidate, and it may be that the agitated condition of the neighboring kingdom of France in 1789 may have disturbed the serenity of the learned commentator. Be that as it may, a still earlier date than is given by Meyer and D'Oudegherst is set forth by a writer who has been a good deal quoted within the last thirty years by local vindicators of Van Arteveld's memory. M. de l'Espinoz † asserts that it was in 1333 that the Flemings elected as their "Rewaert, Gouverneur, et Capitaine, un homme très valeureux, sage, et subtil, nommé Jacques d'Artevelde." In 1337 he confers upon him this high distinction for the second time.

There was elected as Captain and Rewaert, or Governor, of Flanders that valiant and wise

man, Sire Jacques d'Artevelde, who governed Flanders with much success for seven years seven months and as many days, and who at the outset of his government, with a view to recommend himself the more to the said town of Ghent, said that when he began to build grand mansions and to marry his children to knights and noblemen with golden spurs, it would then be time to distrust him, and to place no more confidence in him.

If we turn now to Mézeray's "History of France,"\* we shall find it recorded how, in 1336, the Flemings

governed themselves by the counsels of a certain Jaquemard Arteville, a brewer of beer in the town of Ghent, a man of great strength of mind and body, daring, and ready to commit all sorts of crimes, dreaded by the good because of his cruelties, and followed by miscreants for the sake of the impunity and the largesses with which he gratified the populace, whom he was forever exciting against the nobility.

According to this writer, Van Arteveld never ventured abroad without a guard of fifty to sixty armed men. French historians of later times are content to quote Froissart as an unquestionable authority, and tread in one another's steps without the slightest attempt to exercise their critical faculties. Rapin calls Van Arteveld "a brewer," and evidently regards him as a mere firebrand. "The credit of that burgher," he remarks, "was so great in Flanders that he had caused the principal cities to revolt against the earl." It was excusable in Rapin de Thoyras that he could not enter into the broad, statesman-like policy sketched by "that burgher," but Sismondi might surely have been expected to institute a searching examination into the proofs adduced by his predecessors for the statements they had so glibly propounded. The only liberty, however, he permits himself is to amplify the texts which made a "common brewer" of Van Arteveld, and to enlarge his business to a scale worthy of a fourteenth century Bass or Allsopp. Let us hear what he has to say:—

Among the most ardent champions of the public liberties there appeared at Ghent a man endowed with rare talents and, above all, with a great force of character, who succeeded in organizing the popular party, in placing himself at their head, and in extending his influence over the two other towns of Bruges and Ypres. He was named Jacquemart or Jacob d'Artevelde. He was the proprietor of a con-

\* Annales de Flandre de Pierre d'Oudegherst, par M. Lesbroussart. Gand, 1789.

† Recherche des Antiquitez et Noblesse de Flandres, par Philippe de l'Espinoz, Visconte de Therouenne. Douay, 1632.

\* Histoire de France depuis Faramond jusqu'au règne de Louis le Juste, par le Sieur F. de Mézeray. Paris, 1685, 2nd edition.

siderable brewery of mead, and his riches, as well as the number of workmen whom he employed, furnished him with the means of making himself feared and obeyed.

The body-guard of armed ruffians is accepted without hesitation, though, subsequent to Edward's naval victory at Sluys, it is admitted that

this great citizen, in fact, showed himself superior to the nobles and kings with whom he was called upon to negotiate. However remarkable were the popular eloquence he displayed in rousing the people, and the firmness with which he controlled them, equally great was the breadth of political views he manifested in the councils of two kings, and the valor and military talent he exhibited in the field.

The conventional lineaments of the burgher-statesman may be encountered in the "*Nouveau Dictionnaire Historique*" of Messrs. Chaudon and Delandine: "Artevelle, ou Artavel, Flamand, brasseur de bière, factieux, éloquent et politique, causa beaucoup de sollicitude au Comte de Flandre"—so much so, indeed, that the count fled for safety to the court of his overlord. Michelet is another follower of Froissart, for Jehan le Bel is seldom, if ever, quoted, and he apparently fancies himself justified in hazarding the assertion that "Jacquemart Artavelde," a brewer of Ghent, organized "une vigoureuse tyrannie. He is not, however, far astray where he remarks that "avec toute sa popularité ce roi de Flandre n'était au fond que le chef des grosses villes, le défenseur de leur monopole." It is more surprising that M. Dewez, himself a Belgian, should describe Van Arteveld in his "*Histoire Particulière des Provinces Belges*," not only as a brewer, but as an unscrupulous intriguer, subtle and audacious, gifted, indeed, with eloquence, of which he made such use that he raised himself to a bad pre-eminence, comporting himself as a tyrant and oppressor, and displaying a vulgar, insolent luxury. It is true that, in his "*Cours d'Histoire de la Belgique*," he explains how Van Arteveld came to be attended by armed men when he went abroad. In his capacity of *doyen des métiers*, or president of the guilds, he was entitled to a guard of *zweerd-dragers* or sword-bearers, while, as captain of the city, he would naturally be followed by a detachment of soldiers. This was no new thing, but a custom which existed both before and after his time. A juster view of the great citizen is taken by the compilers of the "*Allgemeine Deutsche*

*Biographie*," in which he is acknowledged to have been connected with the noblest families of west Flanders. Very little, it is added, is authentically known of his youth and early manhood, and that is also the opinion expressed by M. Lenz, professor of history at the Ghent Athénée, who published in 1837 a thoughtful and well-considered essay on the situation of Flanders at the time of Van Arteveld's accession to power. Of foreign historians none has been so bitter as Villani,\* who allows himself to write in the following strain (lib. xi., cap. lxxxiii.):—

At last there arose in Ghent a man of humble family and low occupation, who made and sold mead—that is, beer made with honey—whose name was Giacomo Dartivello, and he brought himself to be master of the commune of Ghent. This was in the year 1337; and by his fine speech and frank manners he rose in a short time to such a position and influence through the favor of the common people of Ghent, that he expelled from Ghent the count and all his followers; and as from Ghent so likewise from Bruges, Ypres, and the other towns of Flanders, they drove out the count and imprisoned whosoever offered resistance.

Here again the body-guard of truculent assassins comes into play, and all the hearsay traditions of the old chroniclers are reproduced as history. Far more moderate and reasonable is the estimate of Van Arteveld's character and position which is given in De Larrey's "*Histoire d'Angleterre, d'Ecosse et d'Irlande*" (Rotterdam, 1707).

Another ally, less considerable by birth, but not so by influence, was the famous Jacques Artevelde, a brewer of beer, who acquired such power over the Flemings that their count was nothing more than a phantom, all the great towns obeying Artevelde, whose word was absolute. Edward raised no difficulty about negotiating with a man who had made himself arbiter of peace and war in his own country, which its lawful sovereign had abandoned to him by withdrawing to the court of France.

The preceding statement is not perfectly accurate, as the count had not abandoned Flanders at the time when the English monarch began to negotiate with the citizens of Ghent; neither is it at all certain that Van Arteveld was then actually invested with the guidance of the State. We may now pass, however, to the English chroniclers and historians, who, with the honorable exception of the late Mr. William Longman, have followed Froissart as a flock of sheep follows a bell-wether,

\* Cronica di Giovanni Villani. Firenze, 1845.



though Robert Fabyan's favorable appreciation of Edward's ally might well have made them pause before literally adopting Froissart's picturesque romance. In the "New Chronicles of Englande and France" (1516) it is written:—

Kyng Edward had so sped his nedys with them (the Flemings) by the meanys of one named Jaques d'Artyuele, a man of Gaunt, which was of great substaunce and passynge other men in boldenesse and capacyte of wytte and dyscressyon that the sayd towne of Gaunt, with Bruges, Ippe, Courtryke or Courtray, Casayle, and other there about condyssendyd\* and promysyd ioyntly and hooly to refuse the Frenshe Kyng, and to take the Kyng of Englande's partie, and the rather for the warre which beforetyme Phylp de Valoys made vpon them in the begynnyng of his reygne.

Grafton is an almost literal translator of Froissart, with whose chronicles Joshua Barnes occasionally commingles Mézeray's history. He describes Jacob van Arteveld as "a refiner of honey, or rather, as others say, a brewer;" but he admits that, "by reason of his great wealth, subtle wit, and boldness of mind, he had long been of some authority among the people." Holinshed, too, evidently sides with the count as against his rebellious subjects:—

The Flemings that favoured King Edward were put in such comfort by the late victory obtained by the Englishmen in the ile of Cad-sand that, falling to their former practices, one Jaques or Jacob van Arteveld, an honimaker of the towne of Gant, was chosen amongst them to be, as it were, the defender of the people, and namelic of the weavers, and other clothworkers. Finallic, his authoritie grew so hugelie amongst all the whole number of the commons in Flanders, that he might do more with them than their earle, and yet the earle to reconcile the people to his favour ceased not to use all courteous means towards them that he could devise, as releasing customes and duties of moine, pardoning offenses, and other such like, but all would not avail him.

Thomas Carte relies entirely on Froissart. In dealing with the year 1337 he says that

there was in Gand a very rich brewer, or refiner of honey, named Jacob van Artweid; of a bold and enterprising genius, exceedingly popular, and enabled by his wealth to maintain a guard of eighty men about his person, with a number of soldiers and servants in several towns, to give him intelligence of everything that passed, and to observe the directions he should send for strengthening his interest in

the estates of the country, of which he was more master than the count himself. He stuck at no measures of violence against such as would not truckle to his power; having despatched some of the *noblesse*, banished others, and seized their estates: he was by this means become so absolute and terrible that nobody durst contradict whatever he thought fit to propose in the assemblies of the estates of Flanders.

"It was necessary," he continues, "to gain this man," and the Bishop of Lincoln undertook the task, which could not have been very difficult, seeing that Arteveld was predisposed to the English alliance. Tyrrell also alludes to "one Jacob van Artefeld, a brewer of that city, who by his riches, boldness, and fluency of tongue, had now, upon the flight of the earl, got the chief authority with the citizens." Among modern writers the same unanimity exists. Sharon Turner, whose opinion is given for what it is worth, speaks of the "ambitious brewer," and, a little further on, of "the dominating brewer," while Hume improves upon Froissart. It is really worth while to extract the passages in which this episode is set forth, not merely for the sake of their precision and elegance of style, but as a lesson how history is written by even a past master of the art.\*

As the Flemings were the first people in the northern parts of Europe that cultivated arts and manufactures, the lower ranks of men among them had risen to a degree of opulence unknown elsewhere to those of their station in that barbarous age; had acquired privileges and independence; and began to emerge from that state of vassalage, or rather of slavery, into which the common people had been universally thrown by the feudal institutions. It was probably difficult for them to bring their sovereign and their nobility to conform themselves to the principles of law and civil government, so much neglected in every other country: it was impossible for them to confine themselves within the proper bounds in their opposition and resentment against any instance of tyranny. They had risen in tumults, had insulted the nobles, had chased their earl into France, and, delivering themselves over to the guidance of a seditious leader, had been guilty of all that insolence and disorder to which the thoughtless and enraged populace are so much inclined, whenever they are unfortunate enough to be their own masters.†

\* History of England by Hume and Smollett, 1834, vol. ii., ch. xv., p. 305.

\* Scotchmen will notice the peculiar sense given to this word by an English writer of that date.

† See also Hallam: "The Flemings, and especially the people of Ghent, had been during a century noted for their republican spirit and contumacious defiance of their sovereign. Liberty never wore a more unamiable countenance than among these burghers, who abused the strength she gave them by cruelty and insolence."



Their present leader was James d'Arteville, a brewer in Ghent, who governed them with a more absolute sway than had ever been assumed by any of their lawful sovereigns. He placed and displaced the magistrates at pleasure; he was accompanied by a guard, who, on the least signal from him, instantly assassinated any man that happened to fall under his displeasure: all the cities of Flanders were full of his spies; and it was immediate death to give him the smallest umbrage: the few nobles who remained in the country lived in continual terror from his violence; he seized the estates of all those whom he had either banished or murdered: and, bestowing a part on their wives and children, converted the remainder to his own use. Such were the first effects that Europe saw of popular violence, after having groaned, during so many ages, under monarchical and aristocratical tyranny. James d'Arteville was the man to whom Edward addressed himself for bringing over the Flemings to his interests, and that prince, the most haughty and most aspiring of the age, never courted any ally with so much assiduity and so many submissions as he employed towards this seditious and criminal tradesman.

The gross exaggerations and interpolations with which this passage abounds will appear as the true story of Van Arteveld's career unfolds itself. The allusion to Edward's "assiduity" and "submissions" is a purely fanciful touch intended to heighten the artistic effect of the picture, for, in truth, it was the English monarch who received the lion's share of whatever advantages accrued from the Anglo-Flemish alliance. Hume failed altogether to realize the true character and policy of Van Arteveld, nor did he clearly understand the nature of the social movement which was beginning its slow development. That generally accurate and painstaking historian, Eyre Crow, calls the great burgher of Ghent "a brewer" in his larger work, while in the abbreviated edition prepared for Lardner's Encyclopædia he makes him out to be "a brewer of hydromel or metheglin." Nor is Mr. Green better informed on this subject, though aware of M. de Lettenhove's exposure of Froissart's inaccuracies. After premising that the democratic spirit of the Flemings "jostled roughly with the feudalism of France," he thus proceeds:—

If their counts clung to the French monarchy, the towns themselves, proud of their

immense population, their thriving industry, their vast wealth, drew more and more to independence. Jacques van Artevelde, a great brewer of Ghent, wielded the chief influence in their councils, and his aim was to build up a confederacy which might hold France in check along her northern border.

One of two things: if the "great brewer's" name is to be written in French, it should be Jacques d'Artevelde; if in Flemish, Jacob van Arteveld would be the correct mode. And what is Mr. Green's authority for the epithet "great" as applied to his business? None of the early chroniclers implies that he was particularly eminent as a tradesman. Mr. Green makes the same mistake as Sismondi, forgetting that the brewers constituted one of the *petits métiers*, or less considerable guilds, and that it was partly on that account that Van Arteveld, at the height of his power, caused his name to be enrolled in their register as an honorary member. It is somewhat strange that Mr. Green's suspicions should not have been awakened by a footnote in Sir F. W. Eden's valuable work on "The State of the Poor." It is there casually mentioned that baking, brewing, and weaving were, at that period, occupations almost wholly monopolized by women, as shown in the feminine terminations *bakster*, *brewster*, *webster*. Women were also millers, and it is within comparatively modern times that in Scotland and the north of England men have applied themselves to brewing—a masculine termination for the conductors of such trades being adopted after they were recognized as masculine employments. It is true that Sir Frederick Eden was treating more especially of England, but there was essentially no difference between the social conditions of France, England, and Flanders, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. That Van Arteveld married a "brewster," who may also have been a widow, is quite probable, and would partly account for his choosing in after days to become a member of the Brewers' Guild, in preference to any of the more wealthy and influential *métiers*. This view is supported by the authority of Nicolaes Despars,\* who was a citizen of Bruges in the latter half of the sixteenth century, his preface being dated October 1, 1562. He is decidedly unfavorable to "Jacob van Artevelde, die welcke een rijke keysebrowsers wedewe

(Middle Ages, part ii., ch. i.) Compare with these two scathing denunciations of the transition period in Flanders the more kindly and far more thoughtful and just appreciation made by John Lothrop Motley in his Historical Introduction to "The Rise of the Dutch Republic."

\* Cronijcke van den Lande ende Graefsepe van Vlaenderen, gemaect door Jor. Nicolaes Despars. Te Brugge, 1839, vol. i., p. 316.

ghetraut hadde," though he commends his courage, ability, and eloquence. According to Everwyn,\* Jacob van Arteveld came of an ancient lineage, and his father, a rich *poorter*, or burgher, retired from business, married a noble damsel, the daughter of Zegher of Courtrai, lord of Dronghen (Tronchiennes). Jacob, he continues, was born in 1295, and was appointed page or *edelknaep* to Charles of Valois, whom he accompanied in his expedition to Rhodes. He afterwards entered the service of Louis X., and returned to his father's house in 1316. His marriage with a "brewster," it is said — but without any authority being adduced — was a source of chagrin to his family, but he himself took kindly to his wife's relations. His name, it is affirmed, does not appear in the contemporary list of brewers, and on the death of his first wife he married Christina van Baronaige, a lady of noble birth. So much for M. Lieven Everwyn, whose researches appear to have been a good deal assisted by a lively imagination. A just and moderate appreciation of Van Arteveld's career was taken by Marc van Vaernewyck, who flourished in the reign of Charles Quint.

Sous le valeureux et chevaleresque Jacques van Dartwelle, quoiqu'il eut aussi ses défauts, l'administration et la police de la ville étoient bonnes; jamais la commune de Flandre, si l'on en croit les anciennes annales, ne fut en si grand honneur et en si grande considération.

This would hardly have been said of the administration of a man who habitually plundered and assassinated those who opposed his will, and set the law at defiance by means of his armed ruffians.

It is time, however, to disabuse our minds of the misconception put upon Jacob van Arteveld's character and proceedings through the ignorance, malice, or carelessness of the ancient chroniclers, whose dramatic narrative has been so heedlessly adopted as trustworthy authority by modern historians. As already stated, the towns of Flanders, like those of Italy, contained two orders of nobility, the feudal and the commercial. The former were territorial barons, while the latter possessed only estates and mansions — after the fashion of retired merchants and manufacturers in our own times and country — though not less ready than the great lords to take the field at a moment's notice, whether at the sum-

mons of the court, or in defence of their communal rights and privileges. The suggestive remark is hazarded by Baron de Lettenhove that the old feudal aristocracy had been used up in foreign expeditions, and especially in the crusades, in which Flemish knights bore a very distinguished part. Members of the Arteveld family, he observes, were for a considerable period *châtelains* of Ghent, and possessed vast domains of wood, marsh, and arable land to the north of the town, including the fiefs of Triest, Mendonck, and Ertveld or Arteveld, divided between the different branches. The name occurs in old charters as far back as 1167, but it is worthy of note that there is no record of the family arms. Jacob van Arteveld, indeed, is said to have borne three hoods argent on a sable shield, though probably for the first time in 1338 or 1340, and evidently in allusion to his office of captain of the city. His father Jan, or John, was a burgher of good repute, a members of the weavers' guild, and a dealer in broadcloth. In 1324 he was deputed as an envoy to the duke of Brabant, and thence to Bruges, where he presided at the release of Louis de Nevers, who, for eight months, had been kept under close surveillance by those turbulent citizens. From Bruges he proceeded to Arques, where he conducted certain negotiations with the king of France. In the preceding year he had enjoyed the equivocal advantage of being numbered with the burghers of St. John's parish who were deemed rich enough to be honored with the privilege of making up a considerable sum of money for the count's use, his personal contribution amounting to forty livres.

If M. de Lettenhove may be credited, Jacob van Arteveld's mother was named Livine de Groote, the daughter of a highly connected *échevin*, or alderman, of Ghent. Of this marriage were born three sons and two daughters, all of whom were prosperous and successful. Jan, the father, appears to have died about 1328, at which time Jacob was forty-three years of age according to this writer, or thirty-eight if we follow M. Auguste Voisin. There is reason to believe that he accompanied his uncle Walter, who was in the service of Robert de Béthune, when the latter joined the expeditionary force which Charles of Valois led across the mountains into Italy, to assert the rights of his wife Catherine de Courtenay.

During this visit to Italy Van Arteveld may have acquired the germs of the policy

\* Korte Levensschets van Jacob van Artevelde, door Lieven Everwyn. Ghent, 1845.

which he subsequently developed in his own country. Be that as it may, from Italy Charles of Valois took ship for the island of Rhodes, where the young Fleming obtained his first experience of the military art. On the return of the French prince to Paris, Van Arteveld entered the service of Louis, commonly called *le Hutin*, and was appointed to the honorable office of *varlet de la fruiterie*. In this capacity he waited upon the king at table, offering baskets or dishes of fruit upon bended knee, just as in Germany "the Count von der Lippe held the basin and Count Bentheim poured the rosewater at table over the fingers of the elector of Hesse-Cassel."\* Van Arteveld appears to have remained two or three years at the French court, and there is nothing improbable in the supposition that it was shortly after his return to Ghent, and whilst he was still a very young man, he married a rich "brewster," or, it may be, the widow of a brewer, presumably his senior. On her death he may very likely have taken for his second wife a daughter of Sohier de Courtrai, who, in her turn, may have subsequently entered the illustrious house of Baronaige. In any case, when the great troubles broke out he was chiefly engaged in draining, damming, and cultivating his *polders* at Basserode, though he also possessed a town house in Ghent on the Calandarberg, in the Paddenhoek, or Toads' Corner. From this time a tolerably clear light falls upon the public life of the Flemish statesman, and that he understood statecraft in the highest degree is apparent from the epithet "subtle" so frequently applied to him.

In their despair the men of Ghent accepted the guidance of their far-sighted fellow-citizen, and on January 3, 1338, they elected five *hoofdmans*, or captains of the civic militia. To Jacob van Arteveld was given the post of president, or *belieder van de stad*, his four colleagues being Willem van Vaerneuyck, Gelnot van Lens, Willem van Huse, and Pieter van den Hove. A guard of twenty-two *cnaepen* was assigned to Van Arteveld, twenty to Van Vaerneuyck, and a smaller number, sixteen or seventeen, to each of the others. This is the origin of the band of armed ruffians paid by the brewer to work his wicked will. The *hoofdmans* at once turned their attention to securing the efficient administration of the laws,

and with that view came to an amicable understanding with the *schepenen* — (*scabini, échevins*) or aldermen of the Keure (the municipal charter or corporation). There was no dismissal of functionaries, and the only alteration made was the transfer of two tax-collectors to other employments. Two days later the *schepenen* published various ordinances, the enforcement of which they confided to the five captains, assisted by the three principal *doyens des métiers*, or presidents of guilds. The ancient courts of judicature, and indeed all the old communal offices and usages, were placed on their former footing. Philip of Valois took alarm at these earnest and orderly proceedings, so different from the turbulence which usually characterized the outbreaks of the Ghent people, and lost no time in despatching the Bishop of Cambray to Ecloo to confer with the deputies of the different Communes. When the bishop offered, in the king's name, to throw open all France to their trade, and reminded them that corn and wine abounded in that country, they replied that there was abundance of corn also in Hainault, and that what they wanted was not wine but wool, without which they could purchase neither luxuries nor necessities. Nothing came of that conference; and the magistrates of Ghent, perceiving the futility of looking in that direction for the relief of their industrial population, deputed two of their number to enter into negotiations with Edward's plenipotentiary, the count of Guelders, then at Louvain. A satisfactory arrangement was soon made. Free passage through Flanders was accorded to the English troops, provided they paid punctually for all goods supplied to them, and did no harm to any one. The rights of the count of Flanders and of his sovereign, the king of France, were duly recognized; and, in point of fact, the citizens of Ghent pledged themselves to nothing save a strict neutrality, in return for which their deputies were permitted to procure a large quantity of wool from the English staple at Dordrecht.

Though secretly enraged at these proceedings, Louis de Nevers judged it politic to dissemble his feelings, and to sanction what he could not prevent. He summoned Van Arteveld, however, to his presence, who obeyed, but was attended by such a numerous following that the count deferred his arrest to a more convenient season. It is even said that he contemplated the assassination of the *belieder van de stad*, and in consequence

\* Baring Gould's *Germany, Past and Present*, vol. i., ch. i.

of a rumor to that effect the magistrates increased Van Arteveld's body-guard to the unprecedented number of twenty-eight cnaepen. On the other hand, Van Arteveld is accused of having slain one Folcard de Roden in the count's presence; and it is not improbable that such a crime was actually committed, though not by Van Arteveld, who, according to Professor Lenz, was absent from Ghent at that time. In proof of his thorough reconciliation with his "good town" of Ghent, Louis de Nevers was weak enough to go abroad in the white hood worn by the civic magistrates, but it availed him no more than the Phrygian cap availed Louis XVI. His position became so disagreeable, and even perilous, that he resolved to escape before it was too late to make the attempt. To carry out this project he invited the ladies of Ghent to a banquet, which was to be "moult riche." But "quand il eut ouy sa messe, si dit qu'il vouloit aler voler, puis monta, et s'en ala sans revenir, et ainsi faillit la feste."

The French king, nevertheless, tried to conciliate the people of Flanders with fair words and goodly promises, with a view to gain time until his plans were matured. On the eve of the great fair known as the Lâtare, the streets of Ghent were as usual crowded with holiday folk, when a rumor suddenly spread like fire on a dry prairie, which at first stunned, and then roused to desperation, the terror-stricken citizens. Trustworthy tidings had come that the venerable Sohier de Courtrai had been beheaded in his bed, to which he was confined by sickness and infirmity. On the following day arrived letters from Philip commanding the demolition of the city wall, conformably to the treaty signed by Robert de Béthune; and on the same day the Bishop of Senlis and the Abbot of St. Denis pronounced in the market-place at Tournai a sentence of excommunication upon the citizens of Ghent. In this crisis Van Arteveld proved himself worthy of the confidence placed in him. He appealed to the pope, and protested against Philip's usurpation of the papal prerogative to hurl the thunderbolts of the Church. He roused the drooping spirits of his fellow-citizens, cowed by superstition, and was by them charged with the defence of the Commune, for it was commonly re-

ported that French troops were being concentrated on the frontier. The clergy and monks sympathized with the laity, though forbidden to minister the sacred services of religion. There were no baptismal rites to save from perdition the new-born babe; the holy sacrament of marriage was forbidden; the dead were committed to the earth without a blessing or a prayer. The church bells were silent; public worship was prohibited; the terrors of death were unmitigated by holy unction or the mystic wafer. A gloomy horror overwhelmed the town, and Van Arteveld felt that the path of safety lay in prompt and vigorous action. Refusing to listen to the treacherous overtures made by Philip's envoys at Deynze, and again at Lille, he called out the trained bands, and strove to impart as much organization and discipline as those self-willed republicans could be induced to receive.

It was well that he had not suffered himself to be cajoled by Philip's specious promises, for on Holy Thursday the Constable of France marched into Tournai at the head of a formidable array, and two days later was joined by the king in person. Watchmen stationed in the tower of St. Nicholas Church suddenly descried the enemy's skirmishers in the distance, and gave the alarm. The great bell \* rang out the tocsin. The townsfolk hastened to their respective posts, and the French horsemen, finding them on the alert, drew off and made for Biervliet, where a large party of feudal nobles had assembled, together with a considerable number of Leliaerts,† fugitives from Cadzand. Summoning the citizens to meet in the Canter, or Place d'Armes, Van Arteveld informed them that he had broken down the bridges at Deynze and its environs, and gave orders that they should be ready on the morrow to accompany him on an expedition against the enemy. Appearing before Biervliet, he routed the Leliaerts and captured the place without much difficulty. It is probable that Philip of Valois would gladly have renounced further hostilities at this juncture, had his opportunism not been frustrated by the headstrong folly of the count. En-

\* The great bell called Roelandt, on which were engraved the well-known lines:—

"Ik heete Roelandt; als ik klippe, dan ist brandt;  
Als ik luye, dan ist sturm in't Vlaender-land."

† The French partisans were so named after the fleur-de-lis, while the patriots called themselves Liebars, after the Lion of Flanders, or Klawaerts, from *klawen*, a paw.

\* There is a difference of two days in the otherwise consistent narratives of M. de Lettenhove and Professor Lenz. The latter makes Lâtare Sunday fall on March 21, while the former makes it fall two days later. The same variance is kept up throughout subsequent events.

tering Bruges with a body of armed men, Louis de Nevers planted his standard in the Grande Place, and demanded the submission of the magistrates. The fullers were the first to recover from their surprise, and bravely attacked the count's retainers; nor had they long to await support. The citizens flew to arms, drove the count's people out of the town, and compelled him to seek his own safety within his château at Mâle. From Bier-vliet Van Arteveld proceeded to Bruges, where he was received with loud acclamations, and a close alliance was concluded between the three good towns, whose deputies then waited upon the count and related what had passed. Louis de Nevers affected great satisfaction, and swore to maintain the liberties of Flanders in their full integrity.

During the following month of May Van Arteveld and the other deputies traversed Flanders in all directions, laboring to bring about a general confederation, together with a perfect neutrality in the wars of their monarchical neighbors. Edward of England professed his readiness to recognize the neutral position of the Flemish Communes, and in that spirit addressed a complimentary letter to the magistrates of Ghent. Shortly afterwards he despatched the Bishop of Lincoln, and the Earls of Suffolk and Northampton, to negotiate a new treaty. The English envoys were met at Sluys by the representatives of the Communes, and a treaty of commerce was concluded on June 10, 1338, on terms very favorable to the Flemings, who were empowered to buy wool at the English staples in Holland, Zealand, and elsewhere, and to travel or reside in England as freely as in their own country; while the people of Ghent obtained the special privilege of exporting manufactured stuffs, stamped with the city seal to the English markets without examination of quality or measure. On the other hand, permission was given to English vessels to navigate Flemish waters, provided they remained in no port longer than a single tide, unless under stress of weather, and abstained from landing armed men. The count, on his part, was left at liberty to engage in whatever wars he pleased, taking with him only his own retainers. Philip of Valois sanctioned this treaty, and in a singularly insolent letter to the magistrates of Ghent accorded a supercilious pardon to the "rude, simple, ignorant folk" for all their "*meffais ou mespris contre les pais par erreur ou par simplice.*" Towards the

end of July the Bishop of Senlis arrived in Ghent, and raised the dread sentence of interdict; after which Louis de Nevers, accompanied by the deputies of the Communes, repaired to Tournai, to commemorate the assumption of the Virgin Mary.

Meanwhile Edward had obtained from the Commons a grant of twenty thousand sacks of wool, which he expected to find at Antwerp. On his way to that port he entered the harbor of Sluys, where he was met by Van Arteveld, to whose care he is said to have confided his consort, Queen Philippa. He thence prosecuted his voyage to Antwerp, but there was no appearance of the promised wool, and his German allies refused to follow his standard unless assured of their pay. At such an early date did England adopt the pernicious system of fighting her battles with the aid of hirelings. Roused by the difficulties of his position, Edward pushed on into Germany, and prevailed upon the emperor Lewis of Bavaria to appoint him vicar-general of the empire to the left of the Rhine. By virtue of that authority he summoned the imperial vassals to appear in arms in the following July, with a view to undertaking the siege of Cambrai, which commanded the upper course of the Scheldt. At the same time he forbade Philip of Valois to assume the royal title, and called upon Louis de Nevers and the Flemish Communes to recognize his sovereignty. To this summons they paid no heed, though he offered to bestow in marriage his second daughter, Isabella, upon Louis de Mâle—his eldest daughter, Joan, being now betrothed to the prince of Castile. Cambrai was at that time the principal city of Flanders "under the empire;" the two other divisions being Flanders "under the crown," which included the Communes under Louis de Nevers as their count, and Philip of Valois as their overlord, and Flanders "allodial," consisting of the count's personal estates and military fiefs. Edward's aim was to obtain the control of all Flanders in the threefold capacity of vicar-general of the empire, claimant of the French crown, and kinsman of the count. Edward III. had the patience and longanimity of a true statesman; he possessed a quality rare in all ages in kings, and especially so at that period—he could bide his time, and, having sown the seed, could wait till the harvest was ready for the sickle. The treaty recently concluded with the Communes must have been to a certain extent a disappointment, but he



was far-sighted enough to see that the stars in their courses were fighting on his side, and that he held the key of the future in his own hand. Philip of Valois had nothing to offer in return for the amity of the "good towns," whereas their prosperity mainly depended on a regular and ample supply of English wool. Under these circumstances Edward wisely resolved to be thankful for small mercies, and his prudence and moderation were speedily justified and rewarded through Philip's duplicity and over-haste.

While the English monarch was passing the winter in Brabant, without an army, a band of Leliaerts surprised the townlet of Berghem or Bergues, and put to death twenty-five burghers belonging to the opposite faction. They thence proceeded to Dixmude, where they were joined by Louis de Nevers, in the hope of making themselves masters of the place before assistance could arrive from the neighboring towns. As it happened, the Bruges militia were just then engaged in laying siege to Liedekerke, on the borders of Brabant, but, postponing that enterprise for the moment, they suddenly drew off towards Dixmude, and by the rapidity of their movements anticipated the tidings of their approach. The count had barely time to mount his horse and gallop off in the dark on the road to St. Omer before the men of Bruges were in possession of his camp. In vain did the Communes protest against the count's treachery, and equally in vain did they demand from Philip the restitution of Douai, Lille, and other chattellanies of which they had been wrongfully dispossessed. Their claims and remonstrances were alike neglected, and the citizens of the Flemish towns became more and more alienated from a sovereign who appeared to take pleasure in withholding from them the justice and protection to which they were entitled. Towards the close of summer Edward led his German auxiliaries against Cambrai, but, obtaining information of Philip's arrival at Peronne, he raised the siege, crossed the Scheldt, and offered battle to his rival. The French king, though his army was superior in numbers, was too wary to commit himself to the fortune of arms unless assured of victory, and towards the end of October fell back to St. Quentin, while Edward found himself constrained to disband his army and retire into Brabant for the winter.

Meanwhile the Flemish Communes proposed to recover possession of Lille,

Douai, and St. Bethune, but were foiled by the superior diplomacy of the count. Inviting them to send deputies to meet him at Courtrai for the purpose of coming to a satisfactory arrangement, he contrived to spin out the negotiations until the English monarch had withdrawn into winter quarters, when they were broken off by his abrupt departure from Courtrai. The French garrisons along the frontier thereupon made frequent incursions into Flemish territory, plundering unvalled towns and hamlets, and inflicting all manner of wanton wrongs upon the rural population. Indignant at the count's duplicity, the Communes now resolved to transfer their allegiance to Edward III., under certain conditions, and they accordingly sent deputies to Brussels to confer with him upon this delicate subject. Acting as chief spokesman, Van Arteveld laid before him the manifold grievances from which they had so long suffered, and implored his protection against their recurrence. They dared not, he said, openly join the king of England against their sovereign lord, because Popes Clement V. and John XXII. had threatened them with an enormous fine, payable to the papal see, on pain of excommunication, if ever they proved disloyal to the king of France. That objection would, of course, fall to the ground were Edward to assume that style and title, instead of merely challenging Philip's pretensions as an abstract proposition. After a brief consultation with his council, Edward agreed to quarter the fleurs-de-llys with the arms of England, and caused a seal to be engraved with the motto, "*Dieu et mon droit*." The king then accompanied Van Arteveld to Ghent, whence he proceeded to Antwerp to hold a general assembly of vassals and allies. Among the archives of Bruges is still preserved the covenant by which the Communes of Flanders accepted Edward III. as their sovereign lord, so long as he respected their "customs, usages, privileges, and liberties." On their part they pledged themselves to maintain his lawful claims against all comers, not even excepting "the illustrious and magnificent lord, Philip Count of Valois," though they took care to leave a loophole for escape, if the need should arise, by stipulating that, in the event of their hereafter discovering a flaw in those claims, they shall be at liberty to acknowledge themselves vassals of the rightful wearer of the crown of France. They also reserved the rights of their count, Louis de Nevers,



to whom they were ready to give due submission in all lawful things, provided that he, on his part, deferred to their ancient rights and privileges, for, said they, "it ever was, is, and will be their intention to lend their aid to the maintenance of peace and tranquillity, and to the leading of an honest life, injuring no one, but rendering to each his due."

It was at Ghent that the arms of England and France were first seen quartered upon the same shield, the prelude to a hundred years of war and misery, and to centuries of mutual jealousy and distrust between two nations who might so easily and naturally have been fast friends and allies. From that city also issued Edward's first public deeds and ordinances as king of France. On January 26, 1340, three charters were granted by Edward "King of France and England to the inhabitants of the good towns of Ghent, Bruges, and Ypres, and of the common land of Flanders, in consideration of their very great loyalty, goodness, obedience, and services"—reasons founded on hope rather than on memory. By the first he undertook to establish a staple or mart in Flanders or Brabant; to sanction the free import into England of all kinds of woollen manufacture stamped with the seal of either of those provinces; to concede to the Flemings resident in England the rights and privileges of native-born subjects; to conclude no treaty of peace with Philip of Valois without their knowledge and consent; and to protect Flemish vessels against the cruisers of all other nations. By the second charter, Edward bound himself to assemble his naval forces to sweep the Channel clear of French warships and pirates; to place on board a large contingent of combatants raised in Flanders and Brabant, but paid from the English treasury; to pay to the Communes a sum of 140,000*l.* sterling, by four equal instalments; and to fix the wool-staple at Bruges for fifteen years. The third charter was apparently still more liberal, though the people of Flanders were not destined to reap much benefit from it. The king of England and France renounced all pretensions to Lille, Douai, Béthune, and Orchies, and restored to Flanders the county of Artois and the town of Tournai. He declined to be in any way indebted for his authority to the pope, and resigned forever the prerogative of launching interdicts. He promised never to interfere with the walls and fortifications of Flemish cities,

or to impose taxes or duties in any form. Finally, he engaged to introduce a common gold and silver currency for France, England, Flanders, and Brabant. Through the immediate influence of Van Arteveld a close alliance had already been contracted between Flanders and Brabant, by which their respective lords were forbidden to make either war or peace without the assent of the two peoples.

Free trade between the two States was secured, a common currency was agreed upon, and no commercial changes were to be introduced without mutual consent. In the event of disputes and differences occurring, the point at issue was to be referred to a council of ten, of whom four members were to be nominated by the duke of Brabant and the count of Flanders, and the six others by the Communes of Louvain, Brussels, Antwerp, Ghent, and Ypres. Thrice in the year the two great lords and deputies from the six towns were to meet, in turn, at Ghent, Brussels, and Alost, to take counsel together and remove all obstacles to the smooth and efficient working of the compact. This act of union was signed by eighty barons, knights, and deputies, and a little later the count and Communes of Hainault signified their adhesion. A confederation of the States of Flanders, Brabant, and Hainault, a parliament in which the democratic element held its own against ancient feudal associations and prejudices, the independence of the Communes, the integrity of their territory, free trade, a fixed common currency, industry and commerce undisturbed by foreign ambition and intrigues—such was the policy of Jacob van Arteveld. A man who, in the middle of the fourteenth century, could conceive and execute such a far-seeing programme, was no factious, seditious, self-seeking demagogue, but an enlightened and patriotic statesman. If the arrangement proved premature and ephemeral, it was because the assassination of Van Arteveld destroyed the main-spring of the delicate mechanism, and there was no one to supply his place.

Completely dependent on France, Pope Benedict XII. addressed a peremptory letter to the Flemings, enjoining them to remain loyal to their sovereign prince, and reminding them of the disasters that had befallen them whenever they had striven to wrench themselves asunder from France. A Flemish lord of large possessions and considerable personal distinction accordingly proceeded to Avignon to notify to the Holy Father that the

Communes now recognized the sovereignty of Edward III., who had formally renounced his prerogative of interdict, and to crave the cancelment of all clauses in previous treaties which recognized that right in the wearer of the French crown. Nothing came of that incident, and it is uncertain if the envoy was even admitted to an audience. About the same time, however, the pope wrote to the king of England, repudiating his pretensions, and warning him to place no confidence in his Flemish and German auxiliaries, who would serve under him no longer than suited their own immediate interests. Edward's reply, dated from Ghent, February 8, set forth his claim to the throne of France, and affirmed his intention to restore to the Communes the charters they enjoyed under Louis IX., to renounce the right of arbitrarily imposing taxes, and under no circumstances to tamper with the coinage. He further alluded to his great desire to deliver the Holy Land out of the hands of the unbelievers, and concluded by demanding the homage of every Frenchman, whether of high or low degree, before the forthcoming festival of Easter, on pain of being dealt with as a rebel and a traitor. He then crossed over to his own dominions, but leaving Queen Philippa in Ghent, where she gave birth to the famous John of Gaunt, "time-honour'd Lancaster," and in the preceding year Lionel, Duke of Clarence, had been born at Antwerp. It is related that Katharine of Courtrai, wife of Jacob van Arteveld, being confined about the same time, her child was held at the font by the queen of England, and named after her Philip. This was he whose brief career terminated at Roosbeke.

A fresh sentence of excommunication was launched on April 4, 1340, against the people of Flanders by the Bishop of Senlis, assisted by the Abbot of St. Denis, but Edward lessened the effect of this blow by sending over English priests, who officiated in the Flemish churches without regard to Benedict's displeasure. That same evening a large body of men-at-arms, supported by a strong detachment of crossbowmen, sallied forth from Tournai, and ravaged the country as far as Berghem, when they were suddenly attacked by Van Arteveld at the head of the Ghent militia, and were driven back in headlong flight to whence they came. That valiant leader now summoned the men of Ypres to join him in laying siege to Tournai, but unhappily they turned aside, under the Earls of Salisbury and

Suffolk, to punish the Genoese garrison of Armentières. Emboldened by their success in this enterprise, they thought to carry the important town of Lille with equal facility. Pushing forward without order or discipline, they fell into an ambuscade, and were either cut to pieces or taken prisoners—among the latter were the two English earls. In consequence of this misadventure Van Arteveld was constrained to abandon his designs upon Tournai, and to return to Ghent. Shortly afterwards, however, he again took the field at the head of sixty thousand armed citizens, and, marching to the aid of the count of Hainault, compelled the French under the Duke of Normandy to raise the siege of Thun l'Eveque, gallantly defended by two brothers of Sir Walter Manny.

While the men of Ghent and their captain were absent on this expedition, Edward III. won a brilliant victory over the French fleet in the harbor of Sluys, when three thousand of the enemy perished by the sword or by drowning. A great slaughter is said to have been made by the mariners of Bruges, who sailed down the Damme canal and fell upon the rear of the French, already disordered by the impetuous attack of the English. The king, though severely wounded, hastened to Bruges, where he asked after his *compère* Jacob van Arteveld, and was told that he was at that moment warring in defence of the territory of Hainault. Accepting the freedom of the town of Bruges, Edward went on to Ardenberg, where he was met by his "gossip," who had been doing good service to his cause at Valenciennes by expatiating in the market-place, with commanding eloquence, upon his title to the crown of France. "*Singulari vir facundiâ*" is the tribute extorted from the reluctant Meyerus, while Froissart relates that "he dyde so by his great wysdomé and pleasant wordes, that all people that harde hym praised hym moche, and sayd howe he had nobly spoken and by great experyence. And thus he was greatly praised, and it was sayd yt he was well worthy to govern ye countie of Flaunders." Froissart, by the way, misplaces Van Arteveld's oratory at Valenciennes, which he makes posterior to the naval battle at Sluys, and represents Edward as being present and exhibiting a generous hospitality.

From Ardenberg, where the king celebrated a thanksgiving for his great victory, they rode together to Bruges to take

counsel with the deputies of the Communes. The Flemings insisted that Edward should commence hostilities with the siege of Tournai, which had been wrongfully torn from Flanders by Philip the Fair, and promised to co-operate with a contingent of one hundred thousand men under their ruwaert, Jacob van Arteveld, besides raising a second army of fifty thousand men to serve in the Artois under Count Robert, at whose pernicious instigation Edward had originally been induced to put forth his claim to the kingship of France. This vast host of militia received no pay, either from the king or their respective Communes, but kept the field at their own charges. Within five days Van Arteveld had taken the road to Tournai with forty thousand men, who were largely reinforced as the siege went on. Several vigorous assaults were given by the Flemings, all of which were successfully repulsed. For the first time the Communes made use of cannons called *ribaudequins*, which threw heavy stones, but no progress was made, and at length the siege was converted into a blockade. Flying columns of English soldiers and Flemish militia laid waste the country as far as Lens and Lille, while Philip of Valois lay quietly encamped at Aire. After a time he moved to the bridge of Bouvines—a name of evil omen to Flanders—and took up a strong position, whence he could observe the enemy without being forced to give battle at a disadvantage. Impatient at his ill success, Edward challenged his rival to single combat, but Philip was far too wise to leave to chance what he was sure to obtain by sagacity. Thoroughly worn out by their idle labors and sufferings, both the English and Flemish leaders gladly accepted the mediation of Jeanne de Valois, sister to the king of France and mother of the count of Hainault. The siege had dragged on through seventy-four days, when, on September 25, a truce was agreed upon, to last until the festival of St. John the Baptist in the ensuing year, 1341. There is some reason to believe that the two kings would willingly have made peace with one another without taking much account of the Flemings, but Van Arteveld asserted himself so strongly that in the end the Truce of Esplechin was more favorable to the Communes than to the other belligerents. Philip thereby renounced for himself and his heirs forever the right of excommunicating the people of Flanders, discharged all fines and obligations that were hanging over

them, and even consented that no Leli-aerts should be permitted to return to their homes without the previous sanction of the opposite party which happened for the moment to be in power.

On October 7 Van Arteveld rendered an account of his conduct before Tournai to his fellow-citizens assembled in the principal market-place, and received their hearty approval. The magistrates then tore down the bulls and sentences of excommunication that had been posted up in different parts of the town, and cut them into shreds with scissors. Louis de Nevers, as usual, ratified all that had been done, and professed entire satisfaction. The English monarch, on his part, was then in great straits for money. Through the mediation of Van Arteveld he obtained from the Communes a loan of fifty thousand marks, but was warned by the counts of Hainault and Guelders not to trust too implicitly to his friends at Ghent, who were quite capable of seizing his person and handing him over to Philip in return for certain valuable considerations. His presence in England was, moreover, so urgently required that he went off secretly to Sluys, and, after encountering a severe storm, arrived in London unexpectedly at midnight, in time to baffle the machinations of his enemies. The Truce of Esplechin was ultimately prolonged to June 24, 1342; but in the month of August, 1341, the Flemings again advanced to the French frontier, and came in sight of the French army not far from Grave-lines. There they halted in expectation of being shortly joined by their English allies, but as these made no sign of coming to their aid, the magistrates of Ghent deputed Van Arteveld's wife, Katharine of Courtrai, to proceed to London with great powers, in the hope that Edward's chivalrous gallantry might be roused on their behalf.\* The lady was received with all possible respect, and every morning at her *reveillee* the king's musicians played beneath her windows "in honor of the land of Flanders." Edward himself, however, had crossed over into Brittany, whither Katharine followed him. Being wrecked off Brest, she took horse and

\* According to Froissart, Van Arteveld, on a previous occasion, was sent to England with some other deputies and lodged in the Rue de la Réole. The king and queen were then at Eltham, whither the envoys proceeded, and were entertained at dinner. Great attention was paid to Van Arteveld, who acted as spokesman, and obtained a promise that a wool-mart should be established in Flanders. This promise was ratified by the King's Council at Westminster, and a large supply of wool was at once forwarded to Sluys, Damme, and Bruges.

rode off to the English camp, where she encountered a sister of Louis de Nevers, who had espoused the English cause with "the courage of a man and the heart of a lion." Though treated with great deference, the illustrious representative of Flanders does not appear to have sped in her mission, and the Flemish militia only escaped from their perilous position by giving in their adhesion to the prolongation of the Truce of Esplechin.

On November 9 Louis de Nevers met the deputies of the Communes at Damme, near Bruges, and in a sort of parliament strongly exhorted them to repudiate the English alliance, and return to their ancient allegiance to Philip of Valois. Failing in this attempt, the count is accused of entering into a plot to overthrow the commercial aristocracy, trusting to the co-operation of the lower orders, always jealous of those immediately above them. The three "good towns" had extorted from the count a charter which conferred upon them the exclusive monopoly of weaving, to the prejudice of the small towns. The artisans, thus deprived of their livelihood, naturally demurred to such selfish and high-handed proceedings, and at Ardenberg flew to arms. At this critical juncture Van Arteveld displayed his usual promptitude, and, hastening to the seat of disturbance, slew with his own hand one Peter Lammens on the threshold of his own house — "*probum ac nobilem virum*," as he is described by Meyer. This act of violence for a moment shocked and alarmed his followers, till he bade them enter the house, where they would find a sufficient proof of the dead man's treachery. They rushed in and found a banner — probably the banner of a weavers' guild — whereupon indignation gave place to admiration, and they warmly applauded the deed which at first they were disposed to blame. Unhappily, episodes of this kind are only too frequent in the annals of Flanders, and to a certain extent excuse Hallam's harsh appreciation of those sturdy democrats. Louis de Nevers became alarmed for his own safety, and in the first week of 1342 fled to the court of France.

It is now time to consider the principles by which Van Arteveld was guided in his administration of Flanders. Even his enemies admit that during the seven years and seven months of his supremacy the country attained to a degree of wealth, prosperity, and influence, which it had never before enjoyed. It is open, indeed, to doubt whether he nominally held the

office of *ruwaert*,\* but there can be no question that he was virtually commander-in-chief of the Flemish militia, and president of the three good towns of Ghent, Bruges and Ypres. In this capacity he prohibited all tampering with the currency, and caused a canal to be dug from Ghent to Damme, by means of which water communication could be maintained with England. The owners of the lands thus appropriated to the public service were handsomely compensated, and from the manner in which this fact is mentioned by M. l'Espinoy it may be inferred that such consideration was unusual in those days. It is said that Flanders was now divided into three military circles, and it may be that what was previously a common understanding was now, for the first time, definitely arranged; but it is certain that the three good towns had long arrogated to themselves the right of imposing their will on the other Communes, and of regulating at least the foreign relations of the whole country of Flanders. It is further stated that, for military purposes, the town of Ghent was marked out into two hundred and fifty sections in order to facilitate the assembling of the trained bands to meet a sudden emergency.

Another innovation is attributed to Van Arteveld, though M. Vanderkindere disputes his claim to originality, and shows, almost conclusively, that he merely revived and modified an old arrangement. It is, however, commonly averred that Van Arteveld divided the citizens of Ghent into three classes, the *poorterye*, the *weverye*, and the *neeringhen*. The *poorters* were wealthy burghers, sons or descendants of men who had retired from business, and exercised a large hereditary influence with a conservative tendency. The weavers, whose numbers have been estimated at forty thousand men, depended upon the maintenance of peaceful relations with all their neighbors, especially with the English, from whom they drew almost entirely their supply of the raw material. Their political principles were of a democratic and revolutionary order, at the same time that they stoutly asserted their own monopoly, as shared with their brethren of Bruges and Ypres, to the prejudice of the smaller towns. The *neeringhen* comprised all other industries, with the exception of the fullers, and had made themselves notorious for their

\* From *ruke warden*, to keep the peace: English "ward" or "warden."

wild excesses and tumultuous outbreaks. But here we are met by the obvious objection that no mention is made of the fullers, whose rivalry with the weavers was frequently illustrated by violence and bloodshed. In this difficulty M. Vanderkindere adduces cogent reasons for believing that Van Arteveld struck out the poorters from the municipal council, and conferred the total magisterial authority and civic government upon the three classes actually engaged in trade, commerce, and industry, represented in council by their respective *dekenen*, or deacons. As the neeringhen consisted of fifty-two petits métiers, including the brewers, the council would have been swamped, had each of these deputed its deacon to the governing board. It was consequently ruled that these fifty-two dekenen should elect an *euerdeken*, whose position should be similar and equal to that of the masters of the two principal guilds. The poorters, to preserve their local influence, now inscribed themselves members of one or other of these fraternities. Van Arteveld, for obvious reasons, chose the brewers' guild,\* and was at once elected their deken, and straightway the other dekenen unanimously made choice of him as their *euerdeken*. In this capacity he was entitled to a guard of *swert-draegers*, or swordsmen, clothed in red tunics, with stripes on their sleeves. There seems to have been a re-election of captains in 1342, when the popular choice again acclaimed Jacob Van Arteveld as their chief hoofman, giving him as colleagues "Willem van Vaernewijc, Gelloet van Leins, Pieter van Candenhove, and Joos Hapere," of whom, notwithstanding a slight difference in the spelling of the names, the last only was a new man.

In that same year lamentable disturbances broke out at Poperinghe. Although Louis de Nevers, probably under coercion, had conferred the monopoly of the cloth manufacture upon Bruges,

Ghent, and Ypres, he is accused of secretly instigating the citizens of the excluded towns to resent this privilege, and to contravene his own charter. The weavers of Poperinghe thus drew down upon that place the jealous wrath of the favored citizens of Ypres, who fell furiously upon the town, slew many of its inhabitants, and destroyed all the cloth-rooms in the adjacent hamlets. A riot in the following year took place in Ghent, where Jan Steenbeeke accused Van Arteveld of violating his oath and aiming at a military dictatorship. Van Arteveld denied the charge with vehemence, and would have slain his accuser on the spot, had he not fled to his own house, in which he was besieged by members of at least thirteen, perhaps of twenty-six guilds. The magistrates, however, intervened, and restored tranquillity by confining Van Arteveld in the prison, known as that of Gerard the Devil (Gerards dievels steen), while Steenbeeke was carried off to the Graevensteen, or Count's prison. Armed men crowded into Ghent from all the country round, but the civic authority was so firmly established that a regular enquiry was instituted, which resulted in Van Arteveld's release, and in the banishment of his adversary and fifty-two of his partisans — exclusive, says Meyer, of a "*matrona quædam honesta*."

A far worse business than this was the great fight in the Friday market-place, on Monday, May 2, 1345, between the weavers and the fullers. The latter, it is said, demanded higher pay for their labor, which was refused in such a manner that they flew to arms. The real motive of this civic commotion is very obscure, but apparently it had more to do with mutual jealousy than with a difference about the value of their services. The mad fury with which the battle was fought attests a deeper and fiercer animosity than could have been engendered by a dispute about a groat a day more or less. In vain did the priests endeavor to separate the combatants by carrying aloft the consecrated host. Neither weavers nor fullers cared, at such a moment, for the ministers or symbols of religion. The contest only ceased when the fullers gave way and fled, leaving their deacon and fifteen hundred of their number dead upon the market-place. The deacon of the weavers was Gérard Denys, a personal friend of Van Arteveld, to whom he was mainly indebted for the distinction he had attained, and who bravely fought by his side throughout that untoward strife. The

\* The "*Memorie-Boek der Stadt Ghent*" and the *Vicomte de Théroutenne* describe this incident in identical terms, the one in Flemish, the other in French. They both express themselves to the following purport: "The said Jacques d'Artevelde, although he was of gentle birth and of noble extraction, to stand better in the favor of the people who had raised him, chose and selected a guild, which was that of the brewers, not that he followed that business, but to enjoy its privileges and immunities, and was elected the first *souverain deken* (or *doyen-souverain*) of the said town, where he was much loved and esteemed: in which he was followed by several other noblemen of the town, in order to be in favor with the people, and in the hope of attaining that dignity and office of *souverain-doyen*; and through this it is that Messer John Froissart and other historians write that the said Jacques d'Artevelde was a brewer — not being cognizant of his person or quality."



day was appropriately named "*den quaden Maendag*," bad or unlucky Monday; and the supposition is not altogether unfounded which dates from that slaughter the ill-feeling that ere long proved fatal to Van Arteveld. His conduct on that occasion must necessarily have alienated the fullers and their partisans among the petits métiers who, we are told, had grown weary of the English alliance, which implied the supremacy of the weavers' guild. On the other hand, it may be assumed that, after the battle was fought and won, the chief of the State would exert himself to save the vanquished from the malice of the victors, and by so doing would give umbrage to the latter, and provoke the jealousy of their leader and head-man. Very little, however, is known of the internal condition of Ghent between 1342 and 1345, and this for a reason which will presently appear.

In the first week of July, 1345, Edward III. once more anchored in the Zwyn, or harbor of Sluys. He was accompanied by a numerous fleet, either for protection or in furtherance of a scheme to convert the county of Flanders into a dukedom, with the Prince of Wales as its liege lord. Whether this project was first conceived by the English king, or by his gossip, Jacob van Arteveld, is somewhat uncertain, nor is it a matter of much moment; but it is probable that it was engendered in the subtle brain of the Brewer of Ghent. Be that as it may, Edward received the deputies of the chief communes on board his great ship, the "*Katherine*," and submitted for their consideration the programme above mentioned. The discussion terminated in the deputies expressing a wish to refer the question to their respective constituents, as they had no authority to decide an affair of such grave importance. It is plain, however, that the proposition, though warmly supported by Van Arteveld, was not generally acceptable. Although no reluctance had been manifested to transfer their allegiance from Philip to Edward, provided the latter succeeded in making good his claim to the French crown, strong repugnance was shown to renounce the lordship of a fellow-countryman in favor of a foreigner who would almost necessarily be an absentee. The council was accordingly adjourned until fuller instructions could be obtained, and, if Froissart may be trusted, Van Arteveld persuaded the citizens of Bruges and Ypres to fall in with Edward's views. In Ghent, however, he was opposed by Gérard Denys,

the deacon of the weavers' guild, described by Meyer as a factious fellow and fond of revolutionary changes — "*hominem factiosum ac novarum rerum cupidum*."

While Van Arteveld, presuming on his influence with the men of Ghent, postponed his return until he had won over the two other "good towns," Gérard Denys made such excellent use of the advantage thus carelessly thrown in his way that the artisans began to distrust their great captain, and to suspect him of selfish and ambitious designs. According to Sismondi, the duke of Brabant secretly fostered these doubts, and filled their minds with disquietude, for no better reason than that he desired to betroth his daughter to the count's son, afterwards Louis de Mâle. When the unwelcome tidings reached Van Arteveld that his own townsmen had turned against him, he is accused of having obtained from the king of England the support of a small body of five hundred Welshmen, under Sir John Maltravers, with whose assistance he undertook to slay his rival and compel the people to submit to the new order of things. It is further stated that Gérard Denys, having received information that these troops were lying in ambush near one of the gates, called the burghers to arms, and effectually prevented their entrance. Another account, however, actually introduces these five hundred men by night into Van Arteveld's house, and states that seventy of them were killed in the subsequent riot. In the first place, it is very unlikely that, with the remembrance of the recent and terrible fight in the Friday market-place, Van Arteveld would imagine that he could overawe such a turbulent and bellicose population by a handful of light-armed and ill-disciplined troops such as Fluellen's countrymen are known to have been in those days. Secondly, it is quite conceivable that the report may have been circulated and believed that English soldiers were either within the walls or at no great distance from them, because a small body of archers seems really to have been disembarked at Sluys with the intention not of marching upon Ghent, but of aiding the Communes to recover Termonde, or Dendermonde, which had been surprised by the count, and was then in his possession. These archers may very well have obtained early intelligence of the tragedy which had been enacted at Ghent, and may have been the first to convey the unwelcome news to Sluys, without hav-



ing either entered or approached that town.

The circumstances attendant on the death of Jacob van Arteveld have been succinctly and simply described by Jehan le Bel, and greatly amplified and embellished by Sir John Froissart. The former, indeed, enters into no particulars, but represents the fullers as the assailants. The people of Ghent, he continues, then chose a new governor, whose name was Gérard Denis, "a cloth-maker." Gilles li Muisis is equally reticent, except that he asserts that Van Arteveld's wife had taken a large amount of treasure into England. That the lady was in England at the time is not improbable, as she had been sent thither by the magistrates to press Edward for repayment of the money he had borrowed from the town; but the "*Memorie-Boek*" distinctly shows that Van Arteveld died comparatively poor, having expended his once considerable resources in furtherance of his political schemes. There is nothing in Froissart more picturesque than his description of the last hours of the great burgher.

When he returned (from Sluys) he came into Gaunt about noone; they of the towne knew of his comyng, and many were assembled toguyder in the strete where as he shoulde passe, and whane they sawe hym they began to murmure and began to run togyder, thre heades in one hood, and sayde, beholde yon great maister, who woll order all Flaunders after his pleasure, the whiche is nat to be suffred. Also, their were wordes sowne through all ye towne, howe Jaques Dartvell had ix yere assembled all the revenewes of Flaunders without any count gyven, and therby hath kept his estate; and also send great rychesse out of the countrey into Englande secretly. These wordes set them of Gaunt on fyre; and as he rode through the strete he perceyved that ther was some newe mater agaynst hym, for he sawe suche as were wonte to make reverence to hym as he came by, he sawe theym tourne their backs towarde hym, and entre into theyr houses; then he began to doute; and as sone as he was alyghted in his lodgyng he closed fast his gates, doores, and wyndose; this was skante done but all the strete was full of men, and specially of them of the small craftes; ther they assailed his house bothe behynde and before, and the house broken up; he and his within ye house defended themselfe a longe space, and slewe and hurt many without; but finally he coude nat endure, for thre partes of the men of the towne were at that assault.

Then follows a purely imaginary report of a pathetic speech addressed to the infuriated mob from a window, and which was emphasized by "sore wepyng" not at all in harmony with Van Arteveld's

bold, soldier-like temperament. Finding that prayers and entreaties availed nothing —

he drewe in his heed, and closed his wyndowe, and so thought to steale oute on the backsyde into a churche that ioyned to his house, but his house was so broken that iiii hundred persons were entred into his house; and finally ther he was taken and slayne without mercy, and one Thomas Denyce gave hym his dethe stroke.

According to Sismondi his brother and nephew were slain at the same time, but writers differ considerably as to the individual who actually struck the fatal blow. In the first edition of Froissart, Van Arteveld's death is ascribed to Thomas Denis, whom he had caused to be elected *doyen des telliers*. Tyrrell, however, affirms that he was killed by a man whose father he had hanged. M. Kervyn de Lettenhove, again, makes mention of a cobbler named Thomas Denis, whose father had fallen by Van Arteveld's hand, perhaps on "den quaden Maendag;" but Mézeray asserts that Thomas Denys was a saddler, while Meyer says that Van Arteveld was killed in the stables by a "sutore veteramentarium" to avenge his father's death. Holinshed is uncertain whether it was Thomas Denis or a cobbler who clove his skull with an axe, after following him to his stables, whither he had gone for a horse; but the most purely fanciful narrative is that given in De Larrey's "*Histoire d'Angleterre, d'Ecosse, et d'Irlande*," where it is written that the Flemish deputies had agreed to accept the Prince of Wales as successor to Louis de Nevers, provided he took for his consort the count's daughter, but that, after they had dispersed to their respective towns, the men of Sluys rose and "massacrèrent cet odieux chef de parti qu'ils regardaient comme un tyran et comme un traître." This deed was perpetrated in Edward's presence, who thereupon set sail and returned to his own country, vowing vengeance on the murderers of his gossip, but was subsequently appeased. Had anything of the kind been attempted at Sluys while the English fleet lay there at anchor, it is quite certain that it would have been punished with terrible severity. It is true, however, that Edward immediately returned to England, and was afterwards pacified by a deputation from the three "good towns." In the pathetic words of Froissart, "ainsi fut entr'oubliée petit à petit la mort de Jacques d'Artevelle."

It is commonly stated that his house was demolished, and it may very likely have been wrecked and plundered; but it appears from the *Jaer Registre* (blad 37), quoted by the Chevalier Dierickx, that it was still standing in 1371. It is probable that, instead of returning to his own dwelling-house, Van Arteveld took refuge in a house known as late as A.D. 1450 as *de Cancellery*, partly to destroy any papers, if such there were, of a compromising character, and partly because his guard would naturally be stationed at his public office, and no mention is anywhere made of his four sons or his daughter being assailed or threatened. In any case, not a single document pertaining to his seven years' administration is forthcoming, to which circumstance may be largely due the misconceptions that have prevailed to his sore prejudice. His body appears to have been buried in the monastery at Biloke, where he is said to have first uttered words of wisdom and encouragement to his desponding fellow-citizens. When tranquillity was restored, Van Arteveld's family were induced to pardon the authors of his death in consideration of a certain payment, known as *de zoene*, which was still in force in 1371, when Wautier de Mey compounded for his share in the foul work of July 24, 1345, by founding an expiatory lamp before the image of the Virgin, which is known to have been burning in 1375. We are told by M. Voisin how, in 1835, a merchant of Ghent, by name Van Ooteghem, built a house, Place de la Calandre, No. 16, on the site of Van Arteveld's residence, with an immense balcony along the front of the first floor, to which was affixed a copper plate bearing the following inscription from the pen of M. Voisin:—

ICI PERIT,  
VICTIME D'UNE FACTION,  
LE XXIV JUILLET MCCCXXXV,  
JACQUES VAN ARTEVELDE,  
QUI ELEVA LES COMMUNES DE FLANDRE  
A UNE HAUTE PROSPERITE.

In 1837, at the opening of the Ghent railway station, the lowest depth of bathos was reached by conferring this illustrious name on a locomotive, while in 1848 a second-rate *estaminet* occupied the site of the famous house on the Calander-berg. It may be here noted for what it is worth that Gérard Denys was killed by some of Louis de Mâle's men in the market-place only three years after the death of Jacob van Arteveld, while

the weavers shouted for the Commune and the king of England. Louis de Nevers had fallen at Crécy on the memorable 26th of August, 1346.

After all, it is quite possible that there may have been two individuals, respectively named Gérard and Thomas Denys, or Denys, and that the fatal blow may have been struck by Thomas, the doyen of the *telliers*—a misprint for *selliers*, or saddlemakers. The commotion was very likely the handiwork of Gérard Denys, through jealousy of the great hooftman; but without any premeditated design against his life. In any case the investigation into the tumult was instituted through his influence, and the result was his own appointment to the office previously held by Jacob van Arteveld.

From All The Year Round.  
VISITED ON THE CHILDREN.

CHAPTER II.

UNTER DEN LINDEN.

"At last you are here," said Gareth, coming to meet her. "I had begun to think you were not coming, and was meditating going away myself. I am glad I was not so hasty."

He had got into the habit of speaking to her in this tone; but no one outside her own home party had ever so addressed Sybil Dysart before, and her cheeks flamed up in answer to it. She looked round in half-apprehension lest Jenny might have heard, and answered him reprovingly.

"We are not very late, I think; and, Mr. Vane, you ought not to talk in that way. What difference could our coming make in your staying or going?"

"Just the difference that you know it would. If you had not come I should certainly have gone. What do you suppose I came to this ball for?"

Sybil looked up at him, blushing still.

"To dance, I suppose," she said, trying to speak as gravely as before, but smiling a little in spite of herself. "Is not that what one generally comes to a ball for?" and he smiled too, a smile which made her rosier than ever.

"Quite right. To dance, with you. Certainly not with any one else. And now will you give me this waltz? Let me see your card."

He took it from her as he spoke, slipping it off her delicate little wrist with a

touch too quick and light to be prevented; and, indeed, Sybil made no effort to do so. She was beginning to feel that it was all wrong somehow, that she had no right to allow Gareth to speak to her in this manner, and to possess himself of her property, writing his name at various places on it as coolly as if both it and she were his own to do with as he pleased. She felt, too, that Lionel would be displeased if he knew of it; but she made no effort to assert herself, notwithstanding; or if she did, one look from Gareth's eyes was sufficient to melt it all away. She had only met him a dozen times in all; and yet the strange influence which he had over her made her feel, in his presence, as though she had no will of her own to assert, and must needs do as he wished whatever that wish might lead to. It was like a kind of dream, a foolish, dangerous dream — but ah! such a pleasant one; and, after all, the awakening would come soon, and she would never see him again.

Lion would have all the rest of her life, and, besides, she was not robbing him of anything now. She was not doing anything wrong. He had liked to dance with her himself in his ante-clerical days; and how could she prevent other people from doing so now? She had not altered since then. Nevertheless, down in her heart, she knew that it was not right.

"How grave you are looking to-night!" said Gareth, as he came up to her, later in the evening, to claim one of the dances he had marked as his own. "What were you thinking of just now? That you would rather have danced this with Mr. Ashleigh, and that I have forestalled him? But that was his fault. Do you think I would let any man forestall me in a thing I cared for? Besides, I am only here for such a little while. You need not grudge it me."

Such a little while! Why did Sybil's heart sink so absurdly at the words, when they were but the echo of her own thoughts a few moments back? Yet she tried to answer gaily.

"I don't grudge it you; and Mr. Ashleigh did not want this. He does not dance round dances since he has been a clergyman. When I keep one for him, as I do sometimes, we talk it out — we don't dance; but he is much too unselfish to prevent my doing so with other people."

"He is a saint," said Gareth with a sneer which he could not repress, "I am not; and if you were engaged to me —

you needn't blush so; you are quite bewitching enough as it is, and I know how ridiculous the supposition sounds — but if you were engaged to me I would not let any other living man dance with you; and no Church or clergy or anything else should prevent me from doing so myself. I admire the greater coolness of Mr. Ashleigh's blood intensely; but I am not a humbug, you see. In his place I could no more emulate him than fly."

"But, indeed, he is quite right," said Sybil earnestly. She was feeling, more than ever, that this was all wrong, and it was a comfort to her to be able to stand up for Lion. "It is not that he thinks there would be any harm in his dancing; but his parishioners would be scandalized by it, and he is so much too broad for them in other things, that he does not mind giving up a trifle like this which only affects his own pleasure. Yes, I think he is better than you," and she looked up, trying to speak playfully, "for I assure you he used to be very fond of waltzing; and, as he knows I am too, he would never be unkind enough to prevent my doing it, just because I belonged to him."

"And I would," said Gareth in a low voice. He had put his arm round her waist, and was whirling her round the room in those long, smooth circles which made dancing with him so easy, and whose gliding, swaying motion never interfered with speech as other men's dancing did. His head was bent over hers too, so that she could hear his murmured words quite distinctly; though the music sweeping round them like a song-wind rendered them inaudible to every one else.

"Do you think if a woman belonged to me, a woman I loved as I should love her, that I could bear to see her in another man's arms? Not that I would be 'unkind,' as you call it. I would not prevent her from dancing with the whole world if she wished to do so; but I don't know — I fancy somehow" — his eyes resting on the fair flushed face as it almost touched his shoulder — "that she would not wish it. What do you think, Miss Dysart?"

They had paused for a moment to gather breath, and she was standing, leaning on his arm, in the embrasure of a window. The pathetic music of the "Sweethearts' Waltz" still swelled over every sound; and the dancers whirled past them like a cloud of snowflakes in a fairy pantomime, white and rose and gold-colored. Sybil felt a swift, keen pain at

her heart. Did he think her wrong to dance then? There were actual tears in her eyes, though she did not know it, as she looked up and asked him, —

"Are you engaged, Mr. Vane?"

"For what?"

"To be married. You talk as though you were; and — but perhaps I ought not to ask you."

"There is nothing you ought not to ask, or that I would not answer; yet I should have thought you knew the reply to that. No, I am not engaged to be married, Miss Dysart. What made you think so?"

"You talked as if — as if there were some one for whom you cared very much and who cared for you."

"There is some one for whom I care very much: more than I have ever cared for any one before; more than I care for anything on this earth or beyond it; but she does not care for me. I am nothing to her, less than nothing. If it were not so —"

He broke off abruptly, leaving the sentence unfinished; but there was something so bitter and hopeless in his tone that it made that new unaccountable pain at Sybil's heart keener than before; and her sweet eyes were full of involuntary sympathy as they met his.

"Mr. Vane, I am so sorry. I wish I had not asked you," she said gently. "I think she ought to care for you; but — but if she did" — the uneasy feeling of a few moments back returning to her and making her hesitate.

"Yes, if she did?" he put in, laying his hand for a second on the one which rested on his arm, as if to encourage her to go on.

"Should you think less of her if she liked to dance with other people?"

"No, decidedly."

"But —"

"Well, I know what you mean, Miss Dysart; you may laugh at me if you please, you who have just made me own that I love a woman who cares nothing for me, and to whom I am no more than a passing acquaintance; but that is simply my luck in life, the luck I have been cursed with ever since I was born. Still, if it were different, if this woman," again touching the little hand with the momentary caress of a finger-tip, "loved me, could love me at all, I would try to make her do it so well that she could not bear to dance with any one else except me: so well that by her own free will I should hold her in all things as mine and mine only."

Sybil's gaze had grown dreamy. This was love then! She had never understood it before; yet it did not seem unreasonable to her — from him. Only (the unsatisfied doubt still tormenting her) if he felt so, what must he think of her love and her? Involuntarily her face paled and saddened and her lips quivered.

"Then do you think" — she paused timidly to steady her voice, and the sentence altered itself. "If you think so, I ought not to dance with you. I ought not to dance with any one."

Gareth looked down at her, a swift, searching glance as if to see whether she spoke in sarcasm; but the innocent trouble in her face answered him without words. She went on more quickly, though still very timidly.

"Indeed, I think if you feel so you should not have asked me. I never thought of it in that way; and Lion — Mr. Ashleigh does not. I am sure he does not. He likes to see me dance, he has often said so. He does not feel as you do."

"You are right; he does not feel as I do, and he could not if he tried," said Gareth bitterly; "but why do you talk as if I were blaming you? I am not Mr. Ashleigh. The woman who loved me would do and like what I liked, through the very power of her love. How can you do better than as he likes? And as to not asking you to dance; if asking could keep you from dancing with any one else, and make you dance with me as often as I wished —" Some one pressed up against them and he broke off abruptly and was silent; but there was something in the tightening of his arm, as he put it round her and whirled her away again, which finished his sentence without any words.

They did not stop or speak again till the cessation of the music brought the dance to a close; but one or two people noted the rapt, excited face of the handsome young man, and the almost painful flush on Sybil's usually pearl-like cheek; noted, too, the way in which, when the waltz was over, he kept her on his arm; not speaking to her even then, but with an air as though he were guarding her from every one else. Jenny, who had been dancing with William Ashleigh, just then at home on leave, heard a jesting word of comment on the pair, and turned first pale and then scarlet with wounded pride and anger. She was restless till she could see her sister for herself, and when she did so there was something in

the dreamy, far-away happiness on Sybil's face which made her sister uneasy without knowing why. Jenny got near her as soon as she could and whispered, —

"Are you tired, dear? You look as if you were."

"I? Oh, no," said Sybil, smiling, though in the same dreamy way, and Gareth's brow slightly darkened. He could not bear Jenny, and seemed to guess her motive in seeking her sister. That tall, slight figure like a young palm-tree beside a birch had an air of protection which irritated him; and he met the pure, grave youthfulness of her face with an almost angry look.

"If you feel the heat, Miss Dysart, come into the hall, it is cooler there," he said, addressing Sybil; and just then another dance tune struck up, and a friend of William Ashleigh's came to claim Jenny as his partner. She still lingered for a moment, however.

"If you are not engaged for this dance, Sybil, do you mind going to speak to Mrs. Cunningham? She is just over there and has a message for you from Adelaide. The Cunninghams saw her several times in London."

Gareth looked down into Sybil's fair, flushed face.

"Are you engaged for this dance?" he asked gently, as Jenny was borne off. "I suppose I may not ask you for it. Mrs. Grundy's principles would be shocked at your dancing twice running with the same man; but are you engaged to any one else?"

The flush mounted higher in Sybil's cheek. She was engaged, and a moment back, if any one had asked her the question, she would have said so without hesitation; and would have felt astonished, and a little indignant, if her expected cavalier had not made his appearance promptly. Now, however, something in Gareth's tone, quiet as it was, some inflection, so slight that no ear could have caught it if the heart had not been attuned to the same key, made her long most unreasonably to answer in the negative. She did not ask herself whence the impulse came, or what it implied. She only felt somehow as though she never wished to dance with any one again; and she almost hated the eager, red-faced little man, who was even then trying to make his way to her in the crowd. The reluctance in her eyes as she lifted them to Gareth's was plain enough to him. He felt his pulses beating faster as she answered, —

"Yes, to Major Graham. He asked me when I met him in the hall; and I could not refuse. I wish —"

"Do you mean you wish you had not done so — that you would rather not dance it?"

The interruption came almost in a whisper; but there was no mistaking the earnestness of it. Sybil was still looking into his eyes, and again hers spoke for her before her lips.

"You are sure?"

"Yes, quite." This time she said it quickly, for Major Graham was coming near, though as yet he had not seen her. "I — Jenny was right — I am tired, after all. I would rather rest."

"Then most decidedly you shall. Stay, come out here from the crush. The air will refresh you, and you can't be so easily followed and persecuted."

They were standing close to an open French window; and, as he spoke, he stepped across the threshold, drawing her with him, and led her on to the terrace without. The moonlight was lying white on it, and touching the rounded tops of the trees, and the river flowing at the bottom of the garden, as with molten silver. The warm air was faint with the scent of flowers, and of new-mown hay from the meadows at the back of the house. A big moth flew by, brushing the soft silence of its wings against Sybil's cheek, and making her shrink a little closer to her companion; and the first notes of the dance floated out through the long row of open windows, and hushed the murmur of the tongues within.

Gareth caught up a little shawl which was lying on one of the chairs scattered about over the terrace, and threw it over Sybil's shoulders.

"If you stand there, Major Graham will spy you out in another minute and pursue you," he said playfully. "Come down into the garden; it will be cooler there, as I see two or three other people have had the sense to find out already. What a perfect night it is, and how pretty that girl's white figure looks through the trees!" He spoke gaily, so as to silence any scruple she might have, and it had the desired effect. She hesitated for a second; but the air felt so sweet and fresh after the crowded rooms — and, besides, if other people had already wandered out into the gardens, what harm could there be in her doing the same?

"Only we must not stay long," she said; and Gareth took the implied consent, and let the proviso pass by. The



pleasures of life were the matters most important to him. Their conditions he generally put on one side. He had never felt better satisfied than now, and in the fulness of his content began to talk to her of other things, of summer ramblings in Greece, and happy days beside the blue waves of the Adriatic Sea, chaining her attention with jest and anecdote and reminiscence, while he deftly led her from one winding, flower-fringed walk to another till they had left the house and the other wandering couples far behind; and only a few stray notes of the music came now and then like a melodious tremble on the breeze to them, and filled up the breaks in the song of a nightingale hidden in the thick-leaved boughs overhead. Sybil stopped suddenly and looked back.

"Ought we not to turn?" she said rather timidly, and making a motion as though to draw her hand from his arm; but Gareth would not let it go.

"We are close to the water," he answered. "Let us go on, and have a look at it. It would be a shame to turn back without doing so. See there, through the boughs, the gleaming of the moonbeams on it, and who ever dreamt of anything sweeter than the scent of these limes?"

Not Sybil at any rate. It seemed to her as if all nature were steeped in sweetness at that moment; such a sweetness as she might have felt in dreams before, but never when awake, and she dreaded awakening from it now. They were at the entrance of an avenue of lime-trees in full flower; the emerald foliage, pierced here and there by a silver rain of moonlight, forming a closely-woven arch overhead, and girdling the knotted roots with a living wreath of verdure, sprinkled here and there with argent fire. She let him lead her along it till they came to a bend in the path, where the trees on one side made a break so as to allow for a low stone parapet overlooking the cool depths of the river Mole below.

On the opposite side of it the banks were steep and sharp, and wooded densely to the summit, purple-black against a sapphire sky. The water beneath them looked of an ebon blackness too, deep, transparent, and mysterious, with far away in the most shadowy corner one white swan floating in the darkness like a spirit bird. To the right, however, the river took a sudden curve, and from a break in the overhanging woods above, the climbing moon shed down on it a flood of crystal light, pure and white and glittering as a shower of diamonds. They two, stand-

ing there in the soft and fragrant shadow, looked out upon it, not speaking nor moving; both too content with the utter beauty of things, to care for more than the mere enjoyment of them. One of Sybil's hands still rested on Gareth's arm, the other, white and slender as a snowflake, she had laid on the worn, grey stones of the parapet. Her fair, small head, the waving locks closely bound with a thick wreath of honeysuckle, was bent rather forward gazing down the stream. The shawl had partly fallen from her, leaving one shoulder, round and fair as any carved pearl, bare in the mystic shimmer half-light. She had another great bunch of honeysuckle in her bosom, shedding out a sweet and subtle perfume, and the soft folds of her saffron-tinted gown were fastened at her waist by a slender golden girdle. Gareth could not take his eyes off her. She was so near him that his shoulder almost touched hers; and he half wondered that she did not feel the fierce beating of his heart against the little hand which rested so trustingly on his arm; that she did not start when gently, gently he crossed his other above it so that his right hand covered and closed upon hers, though with a touch so cautious that it would scarce have scared a butterfly.

"Sybil," he said.

She did start now. He had hardly spoken above a whisper; but he felt the quick flutter at her pulse as she drew herself suddenly erect with the air of one awakened from some happy dream, and looked up at him with a quick, half-frightened glance, conscious that something had been said, though what, she did not know.

"Ought we not to go back?" she said flutteringly. "I was forgetting, it is so lovely here; but is it not late? Mr. Vane, we must go."

"Not just yet." He spoke in the same tone, the pressure of his hand strengthening on hers as she tried to draw herself away. "Why should we? Are you in a hurry to return to that stifling, crowded room? Surely it is sweeter here, unless —" And then, as she did not answer, his voice altered suddenly, and he dropped her hand, moving away from her as he added in a sharp, raised key: "Sweeter for me, perhaps you'll say, however! Ay, you're right too. Sweet and selfish both. I had forgotten your partners, who are probably becoming frantic for you by this time, and your own natural impatience to return to them. How disgusted



you must have been feeling at my obtuseness!"

"Indeed, no," she said, looking up at him with a world of guileless pleading in her sweet, blue-grey eyes. She was overwrought, the fierce change in his voice and manner had frightened her, and her lip quivered like a scolded child. "I was not thinking of them. I would far rather be here if they were all —"

"What is 'all' then? Is it your lover you are thinking of? Surely he is not so jealous that he cannot spare you for half an hour when he can have you every other day, and all day if he pleases. Forgive me, though," as he saw a conscious flush rise, and mantle in her cheeks. "I will take you back to him this minute if you wish it. Do you? Tell me."

He had taken her hand again, as he asked it, and was looking in her face. The climbing moon, mounting higher and higher above the trees, sent down broken reflets of light through the fragrant lime-boughs upon her saffron gown, the rounded curves of waist and limb, the shy, reluctant trouble in her sweet young face.

"He does not want me. He is never jealous. Do not talk about him so, please."

"Forget him then for just five minutes more, and give those minutes to me. Only five minutes! It is not much out of your life: not too much to ask, is it?"

"Five minutes? No."

"Five minutes then."

And as he spoke he let her go, and they stood side by side again, silent as before, his eyes on her; hers, full of a strange dawning fear and trouble, wandering vaguely over the dark woods and moonlit stream. She was conscious that his gaze was on her now: conscious that, let her return when she might, it could never be to the old life, the old, tranquil feelings. All of a sudden a river broader than that beneath her seemed to have opened between her and them; and from across it the faces of her mother and Jenny gazed at her with pale, reproachful horror. She felt as if she were on the edge of a precipice, as if a breath would send her headlong down it. Not two minutes of the five had passed when she turned and faced Gareth, flushing and trembling from head to foot.

"Please let me go now. I must go back. Indeed, I must."

The climbing moon, mounting higher and higher above the trees, let one long shaft of silver light fall like a sword

athwart the distressed quiver on her brow, the liquid, pitiful eyes; the honey-suckles on her breast rising and falling with the rapid beating of her heart, the roses dying out of her cheeks and lips as she spoke. He had been going to remonstrate, but the sight of her agitation checked him.

"You are cold," he said quickly. "What a brute I was not to see it sooner, and the dews falling on this little head all the time! Good Heaven, if I have made you ill, shall I ever forgive myself!"

He caught up the light knitted shawl she wore as he spoke, and wrapped it closely round her head and neck. His fingers touched her hair softly, and lingered for one moment under her dainty chin, as he knotted the fleecy folds beneath it with anxious care. Only a touch, but enough to send the rich blood mantling into her face again and a sudden light into her eyes such as had never shone there before, enough to make him cast the last remnants of honesty and prudence to the winds.

"My love!" he murmured passionately — "my love that might have been; my only love now and always, Sybil!" and then he bent his face quickly upon hers, and kissed her.

There was a man's step upon the gravel, a man's shadow long and black upon the moonlit path. Gareth had barely time to loose the girl and steady her trembling fingers upon his arm, before some one came round the bend of the path: some one before whom Sybil shrank unmistakably and pitifully — Lionel Ashleigh.

Gareth was no coward, but, if he had been, that girlish confession of fear — appealing to, not from him — would have made him brave. He drew her hand closer in his arm again, and faced her lover with a cool stare.

### CHAPTER III.

"IT IS THE LITTLE RIFT WITHIN THE LUTE."

JENNY had finished her dance, and was seated by Mrs. Chawler in a dutiful attitude which disguised some inward restlessness, when Lion came up from behind and touched her on the shoulder.

"Where is Sybil?" he said, and the girl turned round with a start, for there was something in his voice which seemed to strike a responsive chord in her own heart, and ring there as with a loud note of fear and apprehension. The eager-

ness of her answer had an apologetic tone in it.

"I don't quite know; somewhere in the garden, I think. It is so warm, you know, in here, and a great many people have gone out besides. See there." And she pointed towards a corner of the terrace, where a big stand of dark-red azaleas only partly concealed the gleaming folds of some feminine dress. Lion's glance followed hers. He said shortly, —

"That is not Sybil."

"No; but — but it is some one else. There are lots of people in the gardens just now. That last waltz was very heating."

Poor Jenny was conscious of the extreme feebleness of the commencement of her reply, and was trying to improve on it; but Lion did not seem to hear, and his face was so pale, his eyes wore such a strange expression, that Jenny, hardly knowing the reason why, found herself speaking confusedly, and with a kind of hurried deprecation, as though Sybil were somehow to blame, and she would fain excuse her.

"I was very nearly crushed in it myself," she said, laughing. "Look at my poor flowers!" but Lion did not look, and there was no smile on his face as he answered, —

"Your sister did not suffer from it at any rate, seeing that she was out of the room, both during it and the previous dance; and not to be found any more than she is now."

"How do you mean, Lion?"

"I mean that I looked for her. She was engaged to me for it."

"What, for one of your 'talk-waltzes'?" She must have forgotten it then," said Jenny quickly. "How vexed she will be; but every one forgets sometimes. I do, I know. When one's card is full, one gets confused; and Sybil's card is always full. You must make allowance for her popularity," she added, looking up with a smile, which faded before the keen look which Lion's eyes sent down into hers.

"Her popularity cannot have been very confusing this evening," he said dryly, "for I do not think she has danced half-a-dozen times, and three of those I know have been with the same person."

Jenny looked up at him, a crimson streak of color in her cheek.

"Lion!" she said, her great eyes tremulous between entreaty and reproach.

"Surely you are not —"

"Jealous?" he interrupted bitterly. "Is that what you were going to say?"

No, not quite that; but — but, Jenny, people are talking of her — of Sybil. I have heard one or two to-night, laughing at her flirtation, as they call it. By Heaven, I believe you have too," for his eyes were still on her, and her face had grown suddenly scarlet; yet she met his glance bravely.

"And if I had," she said, "I should have been above listening to them. Do not you know the worth of vulgar gossip? Why, they would soil an angel here if they spoke of her; and Sybil —"

"Sybil is no angel; only an innocent girl," said Lion gravely, "and a girl who may make a mistake, like any other, and never know of it till too late. Jenny, you were right, I am jealous; not of this Mr. Vane, or of any other man who may happen to monopolize her for an evening; not of anybody, but for her, for Sybil herself. She belongs to me. Her mother has trusted her to me. She is my affianced wife, and I should be unworthy to possess her, or call myself her lover, if I were not jealous of every word or action which could call spiteful eyes or gossiping tongues upon her. It is not sufficient to defend her when she is blamed. It is my duty to shield her from the very possibility of blame, and to stand between her innocence and those who would drag it down on her like this —" He stopped for a moment with a fierce look in his eyes, which spoke no love for Gareth Vane, and which made Jenny shrink; then added in a quieter tone, "I am going to look for her now," and moving the girl gently on one side, passed out at the French window near which she was sitting, and went striding away across the dewy lawn, and along the winding, rose-hung, perfumed walks, startling more than one couple by the sudden apparition of his tall, dark figure, and face set in a white mask of hardly repressed anger and anxiety.

He was right. More than one person had been talking of Sybil that night. It had not been possible for Gareth to absorb her in the way he had done without attracting the attention of such a talkative community, even if there had been no previous gossip on the subject; and tongues, which might not have been set going had she been a disengaged young lady, open to be wooed and won like others in the assemblage, wagged with increased and righteous venom when a damsel, known to have already secured the most eligible young clergyman in the neighborhood for her own property, had

not even the grace to be content with him, but must needs appropriate into the bargain the handsomest man and best dancer in the room. More severe things were said on this evening than had been spoken before; and Lion, passing some of the gossips and smarting already under a slight feeling of mortification at not being able to find his *fiancée* for the dance she had promised him, heard the venomous words, and boiled over with indignation.

It was not Sybil he blamed. She might not mean any harm, might not have a disloyal thought to him. In his intense love and loyalty to her he would not even glance at the possibility of such an idea; but what right had this man to monopolize her, and cause her to be talked about, and her fair name mocked at by those who were hardly worthy to mention it familiarly? She, too, who had been so sheltered and guarded from the rough touch of the world, that at one-and-twenty she was more like a beautiful, innocent child than a young lady of the period. By Heaven, he would not suffer it! His darling had been entrusted to his protection as well as that of Mrs. Chawler, and if the one did not avail her, the other should.

Yet, though he came prepared to exert it, I think the shock was even greater to him than to Sybil, when in the course of his search he came at last on her and Gareth in the lime-tree walk.

He did not see the kiss, the bend in the path prevented that, but he saw the close, lover-like position, the sudden start apart; more than all, he saw his love's marked and unmistakable shrinking at his sight—shrinking from him as if for shelter to the other man's side; and the sight went like a knife to his heart, almost depriving him of speech and breath. For one fleeting moment, indeed, the truth flashed upon him in all its fickle, heartless cruelty; but swiftly as it came he flung it from him, and stood at Sybil's side striving to force his face and voice into their wonted pleasantness as he spoke to her.

"I was looking for you, Sybil," he said at once. "Did you forget that the last was my dance? Let me take you back to the house."

He offered her his arm as he spoke. It had not escaped him, that little gesture by which Gareth drew his closer against her hand as she pressed towards him, and the young clergyman's lips were white with the pain and wrath which he

could not speak; but he managed to keep his voice in good control; and Sybil, dazed and reluctant as she looked, had no thought of disobeying. She would have taken her trembling fingers from Gareth's arm, if its tightening pressure had not held them there, and gone with her lover at once. It was his right to summon her, his right to be angry. She had been engaged to him for the dance after Major Graham's, and of course she had broken the engagement. She seemed to have broken many and most engagements during the last ten minutes. It was all a confused dream of bliss and fear and wrong-doing; but she was awake now, and she would have obeyed and gone with him at once if she had been allowed.

Gareth, however, was in one of his most reckless moods. He was not used to suffering other men to take from him anything that he chose to keep, whether it were his own or not; and at the present moment the contemptuous ignoring of his existence by so much as a glance, combined with a certain amount of proprietorship in Lion's manner to Sybil, irritated him into sudden self-assertion. Perhaps, also—for there is a golden thread in most life-skeins, however dark and tangled they may be on the whole—the involuntary pressure of that slender little figure against his side appealed, more forcibly than any scruples of prudence could withstand, to his tenderness and chivalry. He could not give her up. That light touch of his lips on her brow seemed to have consecrated her to himself, and he kept her hand firmly in his arm as he spoke, ignoring Lion in his turn.

"Do you want to go back to the house, Miss Dysart? This next dance is mine, I believe, whatever the last was; and as it will commence almost immediately, it is hardly worth while for me to resign my care of you."

That he meant to provoke a quarrel was evident from the insolence and defiance in his manner; and Sybil, who had never seen him in this mood, was terribly frightened; while the dark flush which mounted to Lion's very temples showed that he was perfectly cognizant of his rival's intention. If he still restrained himself, it was from no thought of his "cloth," or of the scandal to his profession, but something else, which, even if these had lost their power, would still have held their influence over him—the presence of a woman, and that woman the one he loved.

A man may be driven to forget he is a clergyman. He can hardly fail to remember he is a gentleman; and that remembrance stood Lion in stead now. At that moment he was in such a passion that he could have taken Gareth by the throat and throttled him, without the smallest compunction. It was the thought of Sybil which controlled him, and the sense that it would be lowering to her if he let himself be dragged into a quarrel with another man in her presence. His voice was studiously courteous as he answered.

"I am sorry to have to take Miss Dysart away; but I only come as a messenger from her sister. It is she who wants you, Sybil. Will you let me take you to her?"

He came nearer to her as he spoke, and Sybil found it impossible to resist. Indeed, she had no desire to do so. Gareth's active antagonism had set her trembling all over; and unable to gauge Lion's character as it deserved, she was afraid of his retaliating in kind; and felt only too acutely that she was not sufficiently guiltless to be able to act as mediatrix in a dispute between the two men.

She was not bad, poor little Sybil; only weak, and just now very frightened and unhappy. She detached her fingers from Gareth's arm and laid them on Lion's before the former could prevent her, if indeed he had any intention of persisting in doing so, and spoke hurriedly, with a pitiful appeal in her blue eyes which made the man she was leaving, and he who owned her, equally bitter at heart.

"Is Jenny looking for me? I will go to her directly. I only came out because — because it was so hot, and I did not hear your waltz begin. I am very sorry."

Gareth turned sharply away. It was more than he could bear to hear that quiver in her voice, and know that it was an appeal to another man's indulgence, and that he had no right to resent it.

"I shall find you inside then, Miss Dysart, as soon as our dance commences. Your sister will have done with you then, I hope," he said defiantly, and went away and left them.

Poor Sybil was shivering from head to foot; and Lion, left alone with her, let his eyes rest on her with a depth of sorrowful questioning which must have touched her, could she have met them. Through every pulse and limb he could feel the quivering in hers so near him, though the little hand which rested on his arm touched it scarcely more heavily than

a roseleaf; and the sensation filled him with a pain almost too keen for speech. That she should tremble at being left with him, implied absolute fear of him, her lover, who had never opened his lips to her except in tenderness and affection. It was with an effort, which made his voice sound cold and harsh, that he addressed her.

"Is it true that you are engaged to Mr. Vane for the next dance, Sybil?"

Sybil hesitated.

"I — I hardly remember," she stammered, "but if he said so, I suppose — Indeed, Lion, I did not mean to break my engagement to you for the last."

"Probably not," he said, with a slight compression of the lips. "I never supposed you did. I am going to ask you, however, to break your present one with Mr. Vane, and not to dance with him again this evening."

"Lionel!" Her fair, pale race had grown suddenly scarlet, and she made a movement to withdraw her hand from his arm; but there was no indignation in her tone — he wished there had been. There was only apprehension and appeal; and the consciousness that it was so made his tone harden.

"I do not believe for a moment that you would wilfully flirt with any one. Apart from your caring for me, I am sure that you would not descend to such a thing; but you have danced three or four times with this gentleman already. People here have remarked on it, and spoken of you and him in a way which would have been very offensive for you to hear. I should not have mentioned it to you, but that were I not to do so, and to leave you to provoke further comments by your ignorance of those already made, I might be obliged to resent them in your behalf."

It was rather a long speech, and it sounded longer from the forced deliberateness of his utterance; but Sybil did not speak, did not flame up as he still half-hoped she would; and he spoke again, this time in a sharper tone of remonstrance, as if begging her to defend herself.

"You must feel yourself, that, for a girl who is so shortly going to become the wife of one man to dance time after time with another, and that other a person of Mr. Vane's character, and then to be found wandering about with him in solitary walks away from all the rest of the company must look — Good Heaven!" he cried out, appalled even by the sound of his own words, "even in innocence I

would never have believed it possible in you."

For the first time Sybil lifted her head proudly and her eyes lightened.

"I do not know what there is against Mr. Vane's character," she said warmly. "Where is he worse than any one else? I have not heard anything against him; and if I had, I should not listen to mere vulgar gossip; I should be above it."

"What, you can stand up for him!" cried Lion, more deeply wounded at this exhibition of feeling for Gareth in one who had lacked spirit for any defence of herself than he had been before. "Do you care for him so much then? I think it is time I did come forward to protect you from him, a worthless *roué* and libertine, whose boast is to have some woman's name always bandied about in connection with his own. Gossip, indeed! If you heard his talk among men you would not need to go to gossip for his character. Perhaps, however, you think —"

But Sybil had snatched her hand from his arm, and burst into sudden tears; and her lover's mood softened on the moment.

"My dear, forgive me," he said, laying his hand on her shoulder and trying to draw her back to him. "Did I frighten you? Did I speak too bitterly? Indeed I never meant to hurt you. Didn't I say I knew you were blameless; and that it was only through your innocence that that scamp had power to compromise you, or make you talked about? Love, for pity's sake don't cry in that way, or I shall never forgive myself. Surely you know how I love and trust you," and again he would have drawn her to him under the shadow of the lime-trees, but Sybil only shrank further away, and her sobs sounded hysterical. He began to be afraid that some one might come that way and hear her distress; and it was a relief to him when after a moment or two she recovered herself, though she would not look up or let him take her hand even then; and when again he begged her to forgive him, she only answered, —

"Please let us go home. I would rather go home at once. I am not well; and — and Jenny won't mind."

"That I am sure she will not," said Lion eagerly. "I will take you to her at once, and call the carriage. But, Sybil, are you really unwell, or is it only that I have upset you? My dearest, don't look away from me like that. Indeed it was for your own sake," pleaded the poor young fellow, stroking the fair, averted

head with a tender, caressing touch which would have softened most women's hearts, however incensed against him; but though Sybil's eyes obstinately refused to meet his, and he felt her flinch and shiver under his touch, she was not incensed. The only thought in her mind was, "If he knew all he would never speak to me so," and the weight of shame and remorse it brought with it made her seem cruelly hard and sullen as she murmured, —

"Please let me go. I am not angry and you have a right to say anything you like to me; but not now — let me go now;" and, bitterly disappointed, he was compelled to hold his peace and allow her to hurry him back to the house. She would not re-enter the ball-room, however, and looking at her pale, tear-stained face he had no desire to press it; but took her at once to the cloak-room, and left her there, without having been able to win one other word or look from her, while he went to seek for Jenny.

The music was still swelling and floating over the swift rush and tread of the dancers. The air was fragrant with the scent of roses and heliotrope. It wanted little more than six weeks to the time of his marriage, the day which he had been looking forward to through ten long, tranquil, blissful months; but there was no bliss or tranquillity in his heart at that moment. Was Sybil's love for him really wavering; or what — what had made her turn from him so strangely, so heartlessly? With all his love and trust in her, the question would smite upon him as he made his way among the dancers; and the handsome, mocking face of Gareth Vane rose up suddenly in answer to it, and passed him with a triumphant brightness in the blue, defiant eyes.

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From The Gentleman's Magazine.  
THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA.

AT last the day, big, not with the fate of Cato and of Rome, but of England and the Protestant cause, had arrived. After months of preparation the splendid fleet which Philip of Spain destined for the humiliation of the English and the establishment of Catholic ascendancy, was ready to quit the harbor and put to sea. It consisted of one hundred and twenty-nine vessels, well supplied with cannon, and containing provisions sufficient to feed a powerful army for six months.



On board were twenty thousand soldiers, animated with all the enthusiasm of the fiercest religious bigotry. The plan formed by the king of Spain was that the Armada should sail to Dunkirk, should there embark the Spanish troops in the Netherlands, under the command of the Duke of Parma, then cross over to Margate, land the Spanish army, and at one sudden and decisive blow complete the conquest of England. The expedition, which was thus to crush the might of a whole nation, was no mere vulgar enterprise, inspired by the usual aims of secular ambition. It was a crusade, a holy war, a religious undertaking. As the Christians in days of old had invaded the East to stamp out the power of the infidel, so now the Catholic turned his eyes towards England, the head and front of aggressive Protestantism, and resolved to lay her low, so that she no longer could give her aid to the foes of Holy Mother Church, then warring against Spain to establish heresy in the Low Countries. Therefore, her cause being the cause of heaven, the Armada was to be worthy of her high calling, and free from those earthly stains which so frequently dimmed the lustre of warfare. Her mighty galleons bore no names of heathen gods and goddesses, or of the heroes of Spanish story, but were christened after the saints. On her decks the discipline of the Church was to be united with the discipline of the navy. Mass was to be celebrated daily, and all on board were to attend and do homage to the host. All gambling, blasphemy, and licentious talk were to be punished with severity. No women were to accompany the expedition. On the ships touching at a port, the men were not to be permitted to land. Every care was to be taken by the officers to create a good feeling between the soldiers and the sailors. Quarrels and contentions were to be avoided, and Christian charity and harmony encouraged. It was ordered that every morning the boys, "according as is accustomed, shall give the good morrow at the foot of the mainmast, and at the evening shall say Ave Maria, and some days the *Salve Regina*, or at the least every Saturday, together with the Litany." Religion, and not war for its own sake, was the object they had in view. "First, and before all things," proclaimed the Duke Medina Sidonia, the commander-in-chief of the expedition, "all persons are to understand, from the highest to the lowest, that the principal foundation wherewith his Majesty hath been

moved to make and undertake this journey hath been and is to the end to serve God our Lord, and to bring again to his Church and bosom many people and souls which, being oppressed by the heretic and enemies of our holy Catholic faith, they keep in subjection unto their sects and unhappiness."\*

The purpose of the Armada was made still clearer by the publication of a most offensive pastoral letter from one Cardinal Allen, a renegade Englishman, who accompanied the expedition as Archbishop-elect of Canterbury and legate for England. In this "roaring hellish bull," as Lord Burghley calls it, or in this "blast or puff of a beggarly scholar and traitor," as Elizabeth herself politely designates it,† the cardinal certainly does not mince matters. "Spain," said he, "does not war against Englishmen, but against Elizabeth, the usurping heretic, the bastard, the issue of incest, the shame of her sex. It is not England," he cries, "but her wretched queen, who has overthrown the Holy Church, who has persecuted the pious Catholics, and who has advanced the scum of mankind to the sees of the bishops and the livings of God's priests. Let the English people, therefore, rise and welcome their deliverer, and follow no more the broken fortunes of a mean and filthy woman, unless they wish to fall under the curse pronounced by the angel against the land of Meroz. In this the hour of wrath upon Elizabeth and her partakers," he exclaims, "fight not against the souls of your ancestors and the salvation of your wives and children. Fight rather for God's Church and the honor of England's knighthood. Fight for Christ, for religion, and for the holy sacraments of our faith. The prayers of all Christian people, the blood of the martyred bishops, friars, priests, and laymen shed in this your land, cry to God for your victory. The saints in heaven are interceding for you. The priests on earth stretch forth their consecrated hands night and day for you. Our Saviour himself is among you in the blessed Sacrament. Fear not."

This disloyal rhodomontade was freely circulated throughout England, but made few converts. However zealous certain Englishmen might be in the cause of the Catholic Church, their first thoughts were concerned for the safety of their country,

\* State Papers Domestic. Edited by R. Lemon. May 11, 1588. "Rules and ordinances prescribed for the conduct and government of the King of Spain's army at sea."

† Ibid., June 24, 1588.

and their blood grew hot at the prospect of an invasion in the name of religion, which was to transform their island into a Spanish dependency. Whilst as for the rest of the nation, it was animated by the keenest hatred and indignation, and only too eager to meet the foe and crush his daring hopes. "The Spanish enterprise," wrote Walsyngham,\* "puts England to some trouble and charges, but truly we fear it not; for they shall find us so resolute and prepared, that the good fellows who come shall have small cause to thank my lord cardinal for setting them on so hot a piece of service. The king of Spain must seek preferment elsewhere for his misbegotten brood, for England will not bear them." In spite of all the care and secrecy with which Philip during the last three years had been maturing and carrying out his hostile designs, the Council at Whitehall had been well posted up as to his movements. Spies, agents, and bribed informers had been busy on the quays of the Spanish and Portuguese ports, and had sent home the results of their observations. Hastening from Lisbon to Dartmouth, one Walker Squior burned to impart the intelligence he had obtained. "Warlike preparations," he said, "were being carried out at Lisbon for some great enterprise against England; at anchor in the harbor were eighty sail of hulks, from one hundred to eight hundred tons each; twenty galleons, of three hundred and five hundred tons; and forty sail of Biscay ships, from one hundred to five hundred tons each; whilst quartered in and about Lisbon were thirty thousand Germans, twenty thousand Italians sent by the pope, five thousand Spaniards, and seven thousand Portuguese, all destined for the invasion of England."† Two months later Walsyngham was informed that the king of Spain was increasing his fleet and land forces from various parts, and laying in "immense quantities of grain, wine, and military stores."‡ Early in the following year Roger Ashton stated that "the king of Spain has one hundred thousand men and victuals in readiness at Lisbon; what will follow, God knows."§ The next month Drake, who by his capturing and burning Spanish ships and galleys had given Philip "such a cooling as never had happened to him since he was king," wrote to Secretary Wolley that "great preparations are

making for the invasion of England," and that he intended to intercept the Spanish fleet coming out of the Straits before it joined the king's forces.\* He, however, urged the secretary to prepare for the worst. Spies, captains of merchant vessels, foreign sailors, pilots, all re-echoed the advice of Drake, and bade England keep a sharp look-out, and not be taken at a disadvantage. One ship coming from Lisbon, we learn, had its master and certain of the crew taken and racked to give information.†

This intelligence was not disregarded, though the peculiar views of the queen prevented it from being acted upon in the thorough and decided manner such an emergency required. The Armada did not turn her bows towards England until the July of 1588, though she had been timed to start in the autumn of the previous year. Various causes had, however, hindered the departure of the expedition from the Tagus. When the fleet had been ready to sail, the troops under Parma had not been ready to embark; then there had been delays awaiting the result of certain diplomatic negotiations; nor had the weather been propitious for a vast fleet to encounter the heavy seas of the Atlantic; and finally, when all had been prepared, and orders were about to be issued to weigh anchor, Santa Cruz, the commander of the expedition, suddenly died, and further delays ensued on the appointment of Medina Sidonia as his successor. These continued postponements were of the greatest service to England. The few ships which then constituted her navy were put into commission. Privateers were requisitioned as auxiliaries. The best vessels belonging to our merchant fleet were armed, and instructions despatched to Lord Howard of Effingham "to take the ships into the Channel to defend the realm against the Spaniards." But now, in this grave hour of England's need, the contemptible meanness which was the most conspicuous fault in the character of Elizabeth became painfully apparent. Her courage was high, and her conduct splendid in stimulating her people to resist the foe; but, unhappily, she was desirous of defending her realm on the cheapest terms. Every vessel in the fleet was worked short-handed. The provisions supplied to the seamen were cut down to starving point; since "every man's victual of beef

\* State Papers Domestic, July 20, 1588.

† Ibid., Dec. 20, 1585.

‡ Ibid., Feb. 4, 1586.

§ Ibid., March 29, 1587.

\* State Papers Domestic, April 27, 1587.

† Ibid., April 30, 1588.

standeth her Majesty four pence the day," it was proposed to alter "that kind of victual to fish, oil, and peas." There were no provisions in store, and the men, supplied from a distance with small quantities at a time, were often for days almost without food. "Such a thing was never heard of, since there were ships in England," writes Howard to Burghley,\* "as no victuals in store. King Harry, her Majesty's father, never made a less supply than six weeks, and yet there was marvellous help upon extremity, for there was ever provision at Portsmouth, and also at Dover store ever at hand upon necessity." The pay of the men was in arrears, there was even a lack of powder; and on the slightest rumor of the abandonment of the project of the Armada, the queen, in whose hands all the details of management lay, gave orders, to the intense anger and indignation of the captains in command, for the instant reduction of the fleet. "What did move her Majesty," writes Howard to Walsingham,† "to diminish our forces on the sudden I know not. If anything be attempted now upon the sudden, either for Scotland or to invade this coast, we shall do as much good for the service as the boys which lie at Lyon quay. There is no master in England that will undertake with these men that are now in them to carry the ships back to Chatham. Our state is well known in Flanders, and as we were a terror to them at our first coming out, so now they make little reckoning of us. They know that we are like bears tied to stakes, and they may come as dogs to offend us, and we cannot hurt them."

When, however, it became definitely known that the long-expected Armada was in full sail for our shores, and that peace was out of the question, the queen took less upon herself, and entrusted the management of affairs to her Council. And now all was activity and preparation, though, as we shall see, the supply of provisions to the fleet still left much to be desired. Every shire in the kingdom was instructed to make its preparations for resistance. The fortifications of Portsmouth were strengthened; "for," writes Lord Sussex to Burghley,‡ "at the queen's coronation I durst not shoot off one piece, the tower was so old and rotten." The maritime counties called out their men, and marched them down to the coast, to defend the ports where it was expected

the enemy might land; at Falmouth eleven thousand men were drawn up, at Plymouth seventeen thousand, at Portsmouth sixteen thousand, and at Harwich seventeen thousand. The Earl of Pembroke, as lord president of Wales, was bidden to repair to Milford Haven, "to be in readiness to defend that haven, which from its depth and commodiousness might be selected for the descent of the Spaniards." A mandate was issued by the queen, addressed to all the leading peers, "declaring the necessity for speedily putting the realm in a posture of defence to resist the attempts of Spain, and relying upon their lordships to put themselves in readiness to attend upon her person with such a convenient number of lances and light horse as may stand with their abilities." In every county the cavalry and trained men were called out by the lord lieutenant, whilst the deputy lieutenants were instructed to make an inventory of the arms and ammunition required. The forts on the south and east coast were strongly garrisoned. Orders were despatched to the inland counties to furnish an army for the special defence of the royal person. Private individuals were asked by the queen or the Council to contribute men and armor "towards resisting the foreign attempts against this realm, their natural and sweet country." Lord Morley agreed to raise twenty light horse, thirty muskets, and seventy calivers at his own expense, "though my estate at this present, owing to my father's fond departure, has been very much reduced." Lord Dacre wrote, "I can bring into the field, ready furnished for defence of her Majesty's person, ten lances, ten light horse, ten petronels, forty corslets, twenty muskets, and twenty calivers, and am right sorry that my ability is so weakened by long suits in law that I cannot do more." Lord Sandys, in spite of his "embarrassed circumstances," expressed himself ready to bring into the field, "for the defence of the queen, himself and household servants, to the number of ten horses and geldings furnished in armor of proof." Even the aged Shrewsbury wrote to the queen, offering his services to resist the invasion: "Though I am old, yet your Majesty's quarrel shall make me young again; though lame in body, yet lusty in heart to lend your greatest enemy one blow, to live and die in your service." Their patriotic example had numerous imitators. Peers and country gentlemen readily responded to the call, and many

\* State Papers Domestic, April 8, 1588.

† Ibid., Feb. 1, 1588.

‡ Ibid., Nov. 30, 1587.

crippled their estates to prove the ardor of their loyalty. It was the especial duty of the clergy to furnish horse and armor. Thus, with her fleet standing out to sea, her troops drawn up upon the beach, her home counties well supplied with reserve forces, her forts strongly guarded, and keeping strict watch, England was ready to welcome the invader.\*

From the letters of the lord admiral, who, on board the "Ark Raleigh" at anchor off Plymouth, was keenly watching the approach of the enemy, we see the difficulties he had to contend with, and how he was employing his time. A brief summary of their contents will serve as a diary during this anxious interval:—

May 28. *To Lord Burghley.*—The ships with provisions have not been sent. Only 18 days' victuals on board. The sheriffs of Devonshire send word that the Spanish fleet is ready to come out with the first wind. Will sail to meet them as soon as the wind permits. Go out he will, though he should starve. Beseeches Burghley to hasten the provisions, for if the wind hold as it is but for six days the Spaniards will be knocking at our doors. With the gallantest company of captains, soldiers, and mariners ever seen in England, it were pity they should lack meat.

June 13. *To Walsingham.*—Can do no good with the wind, as it is in the west, and blows so hard that only the largest ships dare ride in the Sound. Such weather was never seen at this time of the year. Their victuals will be out on Saturday, and no new supplies have arrived. The men behave admirably; none have mutinied, though all know they are short of provisions. Kindly handled, they will bear want, and run through fire and water. Intelligence that the fleet is off the rock.

June 14. *To the same.*—Have had three days' continued storm, and have "daunced as lustily as the gallantest dauncers in the Courte."

June 19. *To the same.*—On every question of moment consults Sir F. Drake, Lord Thomas Howard, Lord Sheffield, Sir Roger Williams, Hawkins, Frobisher, and Fanner as a council of war. For the love of God, let not the queen think now of charges. Hope that if he fall in service, her Majesty will let Lady Howard have the keeping of Hampton Court or Oatlands, as he shall not leave her "so well off as so good a wife doth deserve."

June 23. *To the Queen.*—Has several times put to sea, but been driven back by the wind to Plymouth. Their victuals have arrived, and hopes to sail to-morrow morning. Hears that the Spanish fleet has been scattered by the storm, and hopes to meet with them off the coast of France. Implores her, for the love of Jesus Christ, to awaken thoroughly, and to see the villanous treasons round about her.

July 6. *To Walsingham.*—Part of the Spanish fleet has been discovered off the Scilly Isles, but has been dispersed by the stormy weather. Has divided his fleet into three sections—himself in mid-channel, Drake off Ushant, and Hawkins towards Scilly.

July 13. *To the same.*—Boats of all sorts have been sent from time to time to discover the Spanish fleet, but the foul weather has prevented them from making the coast of Spain. Prays God to preserve the fleet from sickness, for they fear that more than any hurts the Spaniards can do them.

July 17. *To the same.*—Obliged to put in for water, but neither sickness nor death shall delay them. Never saw nobler minds than are now in Plymouth.\*

Late in the evening of July 19 the towering hulls of the Armada rounded the Lizard. The shores of England were before the Spaniards, and the object of their ambition was about to be attained. At last the weary months passed in busy preparation, the anxious nights spent amid the storms of the Atlantic, the fatigues and privations that had been endured, were now to receive their reward. The spirits of the men on board the galleons rose high, for all were convinced that success was about to crown their efforts. The moment had arrived when vengeance was to be theirs. Within sight was the England who had shown herself on every occasion the enemy of Spain—who had encouraged the Protestant revolt in the Low Countries, who had robbed the West Indies of their treasures, who had captured wealthy galleons bound for Cadiz or Lisbon, and brought them in triumph to the mouth of the Thames; whose famous mariners had, within the very fortifications which commanded the Spanish ports, fallen upon the fleets of the Most Catholic King, plundered them of their goods, and then left them a mass of wrecked timber. But the hour of revenge was at hand, and haughty England, who styled herself the mistress of the seas, was to be humbled on her own element, and yield her lands to the foreigner. Forming his ships in the shape of a crescent, which stretched some seven miles from horn to horn, Medina Sidonia came full sail towards Plymouth. Hastily weighing anchor, Lord Howard hurried out of the harbor to give battle to the enemy in the Channel.

Meanwhile the beacon-lights had flashed throughout the country the news of the arrival of the Armada. In every shire men were looking up their arms and sad-

\* State Papers Domestic, June and July, 1588.

\* State Papers Domestic, 1588.

dling their horses ready for any emergency. Shipping was placed at the Nore to protect both Sheppey and the Thames. A camp was formed at Tilbury to cover London; and the Earl of Leicester, who had shown himself both incompetent and imprudent in the Low Countries, and who owed all his advancement to the favor in which he was held by the queen, was appointed commander-in-chief. The hour of danger, however, stimulated him to unwonted activity. "Nothing must be neglected," he wrote to the Council, "to oppose this mighty enemy now knocking at our gates." The queen herself came down to the camp, rode along the lines, and exhorted her troops to remember their duty to their country and their religion. She avowed it as her intention, though a woman, to lead them herself against the enemy, and perish in battle rather than survive the ruin and slavery of her people. The soldiers, however, required little pressing to go forth and attack the enemy. They burned to meet the foe who had the audacity to attempt the invasion of their country, and to dream of forcing upon Protestant England the hated creed of Rome. Stories of the terrors of the Inquisition, of the cruelties that had been practised by Alva in the Low Countries, of the fate that was to be in store for Englishmen should the forces of Medina and Parma win the day, were freely circulated, and goaded the patriotism of the country into a perfect frenzy of wild and vindictive hate. Whatever the result might be, it was evident that England would only part with all that she held most dear at the price of her very life. "They are as gallant and willing men as ever were seen," writes Leicester of the troops massed together at Tilbury. To the commander-in-chief — "a mere treacherous minion," as the renegade Allen plainly styled him — Elizabeth entrusted the entire management of all military details, and she accordingly wrote to him asking for advice, and the course she ought to pursue. Leicester — in his correspondence he signs himself Leycester — thus replies to his "most dere and gracious lady." \* It is true, he says, that the enemies that approach her kingdom are her undeserved foes, yet neither their malice nor their forces need inspire fear, "for there is a most just God that beholdeth the innocency of your heart; and the cause you are assailed for is his, and his Church's, and he never failed any that

faithfully do put their chief trust in his goodness." Since she had asked for his counsel, he feels it his duty to advise her to gather her army about her in the strongest manner possible, to have it officered by the oldest and best-assured captains, and to place in the position of supreme command "some special nobleman." Then as to herself. "And now for your person, being the most dainty and sacred thing we have in this world to care for, much more for advice to be given for the direction of it, a man must tremble when he thinks of it, especially finding your Majesty to have the princely courage to transport yourself to the uttermost confines of your realm, to meet your enemies and to defend your subjects. I cannot, most dere queen, consent to that, for upon your welfare consists the security of the whole kingdom." Accordingly he recommends her to go to her house at Havering, with the army round about her there; but should she wish to spend two or three days at the camp, she can rest "in your poor lieutenant's cabin; thus far, but no further can I consent to adventure your person." As for her gracious favor to him, continues Leicester, "I can only yield the like sacrifice I owe to God, which is a thankful heart, and to offer my body, life, and all to do your service." His advice was accepted, and the queen retired to Havering; there she was surrounded by a picked army, officered by Sir Wm. Hatton, Sir Wm. Knolles, Sir Francis Knollys, Sir John Smith, Sir Thomas Cecil, Sir Edmund Cary, Sir John Peyton, Sir Henry Goodyer, Sir Edw. Winkfield, with the lord chamberlain at the head.

Shortly after her retirement Elizabeth wrote to Leicester that she intended paying him a visit at Tilbury to see the camp. The commander-in-chief was delighted at the proposal. It was news, he said, that pleased him most next "the well-doing of your sacred person." He urged his "good sweet queen" not to alter her purpose if God gave her health, and assured her that the lodging he had prepared for her was "a proper sweet cleanly house," within a little mile of the camp, and that her person would be as sure there as at St. James's.\* The favorite was, however, to indite no more letters to his "good sweet queen." The marshy soil of Tilbury had caused much sickness in the camp, and Leicester, as soon as all fears of a Spanish invasion were at an

\* State Papers Domestic, July 27, 1588.

\* State Papers Domestic, Aug. 5, 1588.



end, was meditating a visit to Bath, to be cured of the low fever which was then hanging over him. He wrote to Elizabeth, "from her old lodging at Rycott," inquiring after her health, "the chiefest thing in this world I pray for;" and informing her that he still continued her medicine, as it had done him more good than any other. He hoped, however, he said, to be perfectly cured at "the Bath," and concluded by praying for her happy preservation, and humbly kissing her feet. His hopes were not to be granted, for he died early in September, on his way to Kenilworth. His letter is dated August 29, and addressed "To ye Q. most excellent Mate." Beneath the address Elizabeth has written in her own handwriting the pathetic remark, "His last letter."\*

Into the oft-told story of the overthrow of the Armada, except as it is illustrated by fresh revelations from the "State Papers," we shall not enter. On issuing from Plymouth harbor into the open Channel, Lord Howard gave orders to his men not to come to close quarters with the towering, unwieldy galleons, but to pour broadside after broadside into them at a distance, and to bide their opportunity to fall upon them. They had not long to wait. One of the galleons, the "Capitana," carrying the flag of Pedro de Valdez, ran foul of the "Santa Catalina," and broke her bowsprit. She was disabled; it was in vain that the Spaniards tried to take her in tow, and Drake timely coming up, she struck her flag and was tugged, at the stern of the "Revenge," a prize into Torbay. Among the prisoners was De Valdez, "the third in command of the fleet," and Joan Martinez de Recaldo, vice-admiral.† As the Armada advanced upon the Channel the English hung upon its rear, firing shot after shot into the lofty hulls of its galleons and galleasses, yet all the while taking excellent care to give them a wide berth. "The enemy pursue me," moans Medina Sidonia; "they fire upon me most days from morning till nightfall; but they will not close and grapple. I have purposely left ships exposed to tempt them to board, but they decline to do it, and there is no remedy, for they are swift and we are slow." The Spanish captain-general was fairly nonplussed. The smart, well-handled English ships ran in and out, doing him as much damage as it was possible, always declining to come to close quarters,

whilst his lumbering craft were useless to chase and cripple the agile enemy. Medina resolved to bear up for Calais, in the hope that Parma was ready to put to sea. Shortly after the galleons had anchored in Calais roads, Lord Howard, whose ammunition and provision, owing to the short-sighted stinginess of Elizabeth, were running terribly low, and who, consequently, was most anxious not to protract proceedings, practised a successful ruse upon the Spaniards. Filling certain of his smaller ships with combustible materials, he despatched them one after the other into the midst of the enemy. The Spaniards, panic-stricken, cut their cables, and, utterly demoralized, took to flight in all speed. The next morning Howard, seizing the opportunity of their confusion, fell upon them, and destroyed about a dozen of their ships, besides inflicting considerable damage upon their fleet generally. "On Sunday at midnight," writes one Tomson to Walsyngham,\* "the admiral, having the wind, sent certain ships on fire amongst the enemy, who in great confusion slipped their cables, ran foul of each other, and ran out to sea, pursued by the English. Out of one hundred and twenty-four that anchored off Calais, only eighty-six can be found." One of the galleasses having got ashore, the English rowed towards her, intending to make her their prize; but after a desperate fight, in which the crew were supported by the French, they were beaten off, and had to make a speedy retreat. It was now evident to the most ardent Spaniard that the object of the expedition was completely frustrated. The Duke of Parma declined to quit the harbor to land his forces in England unless protected by the Spanish fleet, and the Armada was now flying northwards for dear life, intent far more upon seeing the coast of Spain than that of England. "God grant ye have a good eye to the Duke of Parma," writes Drake cheerily to Walsyngham,† "for with the grace of God, if we live, I doubt not ere it be long so to handle the matter with the Duke of Sidonia as he shall wish himself at St. Mary Port among his orange-trees." The duke must have already wished himself among his orange-trees. Nervous and confused by the complete collapse of the expedition, he knew not what course to pursue. He dared not return home by the Channel, for his men refused to encounter the English again

\* State Papers Domestic, Aug. 29, 1588.

† Ibid., July 23, 1588.

\* State Papers Domestic, July 30, 1588.

† Ibid., July 31, 1588.

in the narrow seas; and so, after an anxious parliament with his lieutenants, it was resolved to seek Spain by way of the North Sea.\* Crowding all sail, and throwing overboard all useless cargo, the Armada steered for the Orkneys. Howard, however, had no intention of seeing the hostile fleet sneak off like a whipped cur without receiving the full punishment she so richly deserved. Leaving Lord Henry Seymour's squadron to guard "the narrow seas," the English admiral gave chase to the Spaniard. But English courage, though capable of great efforts, requires to be supplied with the ordinary means of subsistence. A stern chase is proverbially a long chase, but it becomes infinitely longer when the crews in pursuit are decimated by scurvy and dysentery, are weakened by absolute hunger, are in want of water, and are only animated by the undying pluck of their race. Sadder reading there is not than the piteous moans for provisions to be met with in the State papers of this date from the captains of the different men-of-war then watching the Channel for the protection of England. Wages were in arrears, every farthing of extra expenditure had to be rigidly accounted for to the queen, whilst sailors brought on shore sick or dying had no place to receive them. "It would grieve any man's heart," writes Howard, "to see men who had served so valiantly die so miserably." Yet Elizabeth, who owed her realm to the efforts of these her gallant subjects, though she could speak brave words to them which stirred their blood like a trumpet, would permit no lavish encroachments upon her exchequer. She doled out in miserable portions money, food, drink, and clothes. Even her cherished favorite Leicester had to complain that on four thousand men coming into Tilbury after a twenty-miles march, "as forward and willing men as ever I saw," there was not "a barrel of beer nor a loaf of bread" to give them.† The one cry throughout the correspondence of this period is, "Nothing can exceed the patient and willing spirit of

both sailors and soldiers; but for God's sake send us provisions, send us powder, send us money, clothes, and drink, else we be too enfeebled to fight." Still, the miserable parsimony of the queen was deaf to all entreaties, in spite of Drake's advice that it was an ill policy "to hazard a kingdom with saving a little charge."

The result of all this cheese-paring was now to tell its tale. Off Norfolk a storm arose: the men under Howard in pursuit of the Armada were too weak to work the ships — the admiral himself was compelled to satisfy the pangs of hunger with a few coarse beans, whilst the crews were forced for drink — the story can hardly be credited — to fall back upon the resources of human nature,\* and the chase had to be abandoned. With extreme difficulty Howard, accompanied by the largest of his ships, reached Margate: the rest of the fleet were driven into Harwich. "Our parsimony at home," writes Captain Whyte to Walsingham,† "hath bereaved us of the famous victory that ever our nation had at sea." Upon his return home the admiral sent to Walsingham‡ the following brief diary of the events that had occurred whilst the English fleet was under his command:—

July 19, Friday. — Upon Friday, being the 19th of the present month, part of the Spanish navy, to the number of fifty sail, were discovered about the isles of Scilly, hovering in the wind, as it seemed, to attend the rest of the fleet; and the next day, at three of the clock in the afternoon, the Lord Admiral got forth with our navy out of Plymouth, though with some difficulty, the wind being at south-west. Notwithstanding, through the great travail used by our men, they not only cleared the harbor, but also, the next day being Sunday, about nine of the clock in the morning, recovered the wind of the whole fleet, which being thoroughly descried was found to consist of 120 sail great and small.

At the same instant the Lord Admiral gave them fight within the view of Plymouth, from whence the Mayor with others sent them continually supplies of men till they were past their coast. This fight continued till one of the clock the same day, wherein the enemy was made to bear room with some of his ships to stop their leaks. The same day, by an accident of fire happening in one of their great ships of the burden of [1,200] tons, they were blown up with powder, about 120 men, the rest being compelled to leave her, and so she was by the Lord Admiral sent into the west part of England.

\* State Papers, Ireland, edited by H. C. Hamilton. Enclosed to Burghley by the Lord deputy, Oct. 1, 1588. Directions of the Duke Medina. "The course that is first to be held is to the N.N.E., until you be found under 61 1-2 degrees; and then take great heed lest you fall upon the island of Ireland, for fear of the harm that may happen unto you upon that coast. Then parting from those islands, and doubling the Cape in 61 1-2 degrees, you shall run W.S.W. until you be found under 53 degrees, and thence to S.W. to the height of 53 degrees, and then to S.S.W., making to Cape Finisterre, and so on to the Groin [Corunna]."  
† State Papers Domestic, July 26, 1588.

\* State Papers Domestic, Aug. 9, 1588.

† Ibid., Aug. 8, 1588.

‡ Ibid., Aug. 7, 1588.

July 22, Monday. — Upon Monday, the 22nd, one of the chief galleons, wherein was Don Pedro de Valdez with 450 men, was taken by reason of his mast that was spent with the breaking of his bowsprit, so as he presently yielded with sundry gentlemen of good quality.

July 23, Tuesday. — On Tuesday, the 23rd, the Lord Admiral charging the enemy, who had then gotten some advantage of the wind, and thereupon seemed more desirous to abide our force than before, fell in fight with them over against St. Alban's, about five of the clock in the morning, the wind being at north-east, and so continued with great force on both sides till late in the evening, when the wind coming again to be south-west and somewhat large, they began to go homeward.

July 24, Wednesday. — The same night and all Wednesday the Lord Admiral kept very near unto the Spanish fleet.

July 25, Thursday. — Upon Thursday, the 25th, over against Dunnose, part of the Isle of Wight, the Lord Admiral espying Captain Frobisher with a few other ships to be in a sharp fight with the enemy, and fearing they should be distressed, did with five of his best ships bear up toward the admiral of the Spanish fleet, and so breaking into the heart of them began a very sharp fight, being within two or three score one of the other, until they had cleared Captain Frobisher and made them give place.

July 26, Friday. — The next day being the 26th, the Lord Admiral only continued his pursuit of the enemy, having still increased his provisions, and keeping the wind of them.

July 27, Saturday. — Upon Saturday, the 27th, about eight of the clock at night, the Lord Henry Seymour, admiral in the narrow seas, joined with the Lord Admiral in Whitsand Bay, over against the cliff of Calais, and anchored together, and the Spanish fleet rode also at anchor to leeward of the Lord Admiral, and nearer to Calais roads.

July 28, Sunday. — The 28th, the Lord Admiral prepared seven ships fitted with pitch, tar, and other necessities for the burning of some of the enemy's fleet; and at eleven of the clock at night, the wind and tide serving, put the stratagem into execution, the event whereof was this: —

July 29, Monday. — Upon Monday, the 29th, early in the morning, the admiral of the galleasses riding next to our fleet, let slip her anchor and cable to avoid the fires, and driving thwart another galleass, her cable took hold of the other rudder and broke it clean away, so that with her oars she was fain to get into Calais roads for relief. All the rest of the Spanish fleet either cut or let slip their anchors and cables, set sail, and put to the sea, being chased from that road.

After this the Lord Admiral sent the lieutenant of his own ship with 100 of his principal men in a long-boat to recover the galleass so distressed near Calais, who, after some sharp fight with the loss of some men, was possessed of her, and having slain a great num-

ber of the enemy, namely their captain-general of the four galleasses, called Don Hugo de Montcaldo, son to the Viceroy of Valencia, and divers gentlemen of good reckoning, carried prisoners to the English fleet.

In this pursuit of the fire-works by our force, the Lord Admiral in fight spoiled a great number of them, sunk three, and drove four or five on the shore, so as at that time it was assured that they had lost at the least sixteen of their best ships. The same day after the fight the Lord Admiral followed the enemy in chase, the wind continuing at west and south-west, who bearing room northwards directly towards the isles of Scotland, were by his lordship followed near hand, until they brought themselves within the height of 55 degrees.

The naval captains lying idle in the harbors of Margate, Harwich, and Plymouth, with their ships dismantled and their crews reduced, were loud in their complaints that the enemy had been permitted to escape them. They cursed the wretched parsimony of their sovereign, which had been the sole cause of their vessels being sent to sea short-handed and unprovisioned, thus rendering them unable to avail themselves to the full of the advantages of victory. Yet the Spanish seamen had little cause to congratulate themselves upon seeing no longer the English fleet hanging upon their rear. Storms and sickness, as they sailed northwards seeking the open ocean to effect their return, had punished the Spaniards far more severely than ever would have been within the power of Howard's guns and fireships. Ship after ship, the sport of the raging tempest, and manned by an exhausted crew, was driven a wreck upon the ironbound coast. Around the Faroe Isles, the Orkneys, and the islands off the western shores of Scotland were strewn the timbers of the once mighty galleons of Spain. Their rich cargoes had perished in the waves; most of the sailors had met with a watery grave; whilst the few who had struggled to the shore were murdered in cold blood by the inhabitants, who dared not give them refuge. A small portion of the Armada had worked its way farther south; but the western coast of Ireland failed to prove itself a whit more kind than the sister kingdom. From the bays of Donegal to Bantry there was the same story of wreck, plunder, and wholesale slaughter. Had the Spaniards been victorious, the native Irish would gladly have welcomed them on their island; but fugitive and defeated, they showed them scant mercy, and handed them over to the English, who gave them no quarter. "The Irish,"

writes Sir George Carew, "were very doubtful before the victory was known to be her Majesty's; but when they saw the great distress and weakness that the enemy was in, they did not only put as many as they could to the sword, but were ready with all their forces to attend the deputy in any service. The ancient love between Ireland and Spain is broken." Orders had been issued by Sir Richard Bingham, the governor of Connaught, that all Spanish seamen driven on shore should be brought to Galway, and scouts were despatched to explore the coast-line to carry out these instructions. Day after day haggard and famished Spaniards were marched into Galway to be hanged or shot, whilst the same fate awaited their fellows in the counties of Sligo, Mayo, Clare, and Kerry. As the towering hull of a crippled galleon was seen dashed against the rocks which form the fringe of that terrible western coast, the savage Irish leaped down upon the beach, clubbed the defenceless crew, and stole all that they could lay their greedy hands upon.

From the Irish State papers we learn how merciless was the punishment dealt out to the unhappy Spaniard who found himself a castaway upon the shores of the Emerald Isle — shipwreck and slaughter are almost in every despatch forwarded to London at this time. Let us cull a few extracts.

"The miseries they sustained upon this coast," writes Sir George Carew,\* "are to be pitied in any but Spaniards. Of those who came to the land by swimming, or enforced thereto by famine, very near three thousand were slain, besides about two thousand drowned between Lough Foyle and the Dingle." "That intelligence sent me from my brother George," writes Bingham to the lord deputy,† "that the seven hundred Spaniards in Ulster were despatched; and this I dare assure your Lordship now, that in some fifteen or sixteen ships cast away on the coast of this province, which I can in mine own knowledge say to be so many, there hath perished at the least some six or seven thousand men, of which there have been put to the sword, first and last, by my brother George, and in Mayo, Thomond, and Galway, and executed, one way and another, about seven or eight hundred or upwards." "At my late being at Sligo," writes Sir Geoffrey Fenton to Burghley,‡ "I found both, by view of eye

and credible report that the number of ships and men perished upon these coasts was more than was advertised thither by the lord deputy and Council, for I numbered in one strand of less than five miles in length eleven hundred dead corpses of men which the sea had driven upon the shore since the time of the advertisement. The country people told me the like was in other places, though not of like number." The lord deputy made a journey from Dublin to the west coast, and he thus communicates his impressions to the Council: \* "As I passed from Sligo," he writes, "having then gone one hundred and twenty miles, I held on towards Bundroys, and so to Ballyshannon, the uttermost part of Connaught that way; and riding still along the seacoast, I went to see the bay where some of those ships were wrecked, and where, as I heard, lay not long before twelve or thirteen hundred of the dead bodies. I rode along upon that strand near two miles (but left behind me a long mile and more), and then turned off from that shore; in both which places they said that had seen it there lay a great store of the timber of wrecked ships as was in that place which myself had viewed, being in mine opinion (having small skill or judgment therein) more than would have built five of the greatest ships that ever I saw, besides mighty great boats' cables, and other cordage answerable thereunto, and some such masts for bigness and length as, in mine own judgment, I never saw any two that could make the like." Well might the lord deputy exclaim, "God hath fought by shipwrecks, savages, and famine for her Majesty against the proud Spaniards!" Well might Medina Sidonia have warned his men to avoid Ireland, "for fear of the harm that may happen unto you upon that coast!"

Of the mighty fleet that had sailed forth from Lisbon, blessed by priest and prelate, to lay England low in the dust, and assert the supremacy of the Catholic faith, "only fifty-six ships escaped back to Spain, and they were so shaken by the English bullets and severe storms that some of them sank in the heavens."† Such was the end of the Invincible Armada, the first and only attempt, since the Conquest, to carry out the design, often threatened, and as often abandoned, of the invasion of England. Three hundred years have passed since Spanish bones lay

\* State Papers, Ireland, Sept. 18, 1588.

† Ibid., Sept. 21, 1588.

‡ Ibid., Oct. 28, 1588.

\* State Papers, Ireland, Dec. 31, 1588.

† Ibid., Exam. of John Brown, mariner, Feb. 11, 1588.

whitening upon the western shore of Ireland, and since the dangerous northern seas played havoc with Spanish galleons and galleasses; yet more than once plans for the subjection of our island have been brought forward by the foreigner, to the no little consternation of the timorous within our midst. At one time we dreaded a Dutch invasion, at another a French invasion; whilst there are some who, even at the present day, fear that our unprotected east coast may fall a prey to the greed of aggressive but impoverished Germany. Yet all such dismal forebodings have never been, and we are sure never will be, realized. Whoever be the enemy who builds his fleet and collects his forces for the conquest of England, he will find that history repeats itself with a terrible monotony; for assuredly the same punishment, varied perhaps in its details, but not the less deterrent and complete, will be dealt out to him as, in the days of Howard and of Drake, was dealt out to the Spaniard.

ALEX. CHARLES EWALD.

From The Day of Rest.  
DON JOHN.

A LONDON STORY OF TO-DAY.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

#### CHAPTER IV.

It was nearly the end of July when Maria Jane Aird, getting out of an omnibus, passed through Kensington Square to her mother's lodgings.

She was expected. Her sister, a girl of fourteen, ran and snatched up the baby, and, thrusting him almost into her face, expatiated on his good temper, and demanded her eulogies in the same breath. "Ain't he grown?" she exclaimed, giving him a sounding kiss.

The mother, having greeted her daughter, turned again at once to the ironing-board and looked away, while Mrs. Aird, without taking the child, gazed at him with earnest, anxious attention.

"What ails you?" asked her sister.

"He's so changed," she murmured.

The thing sat boldly up, and stared at her—she stared at him.

Though it was a hot night, she began to shiver; she remembered so well the two babes she had parted from, and all the small but unmistakable particulars of feature and countenance in which they differed; but this differed from both.

This little fellow had a certain small amount of speculation in his bead-like blue eyes; he was more than five months old. He clutched the little sister's hair, and tried to suck it; when she tossed him up, he uttered an ecstatic squeal to express approval; he turned his head when he heard the click of the iron as it was set down; when she took him in her arms he cried, for his dawning intelligence seemed to assure him that she was a stranger.

She had thought incessantly on the two children ever since they had been taken from her. This child was not the least like her faithful recollection of either.

"By my not knowing him," she reflected, "I am sure he is not mine; mine I shall certainly know, and I shall never rest till I've seen him."

"He kicks ever so when he wants me to put him down," observed the zealous little sister; "he likes to lie on the floor on the woolly mat."

Mrs. Pearson then came forward to show off some of his accomplishments; he took a great deal of notice, it appeared.

"Toss him up and make him laugh, 'Lizabeth." No sooner said than done. The baby crowed and cooed, and showed his toothless gums, and, at the sight of this reality, her remembrance faded away.

She took him and pressed him to her bosom with a sort of yearning, for he might be hers; but she soon put him down again, for—oh, strange uncertainty, he might not!

The baby, the two sisters, and their mother, all slept in one room that night; there was but one other—the living-room, which also served for a kitchen. There was scant opportunity for such conversation as the young widow might have been supposed to long for with her mother; but it was characteristic of both the women that, so far from wishing to talk, they dreaded to be alone together. The mother, having for so many years kept her own secret, felt a kind of resentment against her favorite child for having been so tardy, so unwilling to take a hint as to have at last forced it from her; the daughter feared to ask a direct question, lest her mother should prevaricate in her answer, and so make her feel doubtful evermore in spite of any protestations that might come after. No, she should certainly find her own child less altered; she should know him easily enough. She would wait, and in the mean time try to be good to this one.

Some weeks after this the Johnstones came back to London for a short time



preparatory to an autumnal sojourn at the seaside, and Mrs. Johnstone received a letter, which she thought a very nice one. She was quite well herself, and her little girls were well, so was the baby — indeed, he had never been otherwise.

"Madam," ran the letter, "I have long been perfectly recovered, and hope never to forget how good you have been to me. I came home some time ago and found my baby very well under mother's charge.

"Madam, I feel such a great wish to see your dear babe; might I take the liberty to come some morning to set my eyes upon him? I hope he was none the worse for my being ill so suddenly. Hoping to hear from you, madam, I am,

"Your humble servant,

"MARIA JANE AIRD."

"Kindly creature!" said Mrs. Johnstone, handing over the letter to her husband. "Many women feel a great love for their foster-children. I shall be pleased to show baby to her."

So one morning, about the end of September, Mrs. Aird was shown up into the nursery at Upper Harley Street. She was to dine there and spend the day. Mrs. Johnstone brought her up herself. The boy was asleep in his cradle; he was a great, fat, heavy child, almost half as big again as the active, lean little fellow she had left at home. She had all but made up her mind — the want of maternal yearning towards the baby at home having persuaded her most of all — yet she longed to recognize this child, and so be sure forever. She fully looked for certainty, but this child also was so much changed, that, as she stood looking at him, she could not help shedding tears. He awoke, rosy and cross, and would not come to her, and she knew she must now tell all to her mother, and get the real truth from her, or else forever be uncertain which was which. She looked round at the pretty little sisters; there was no special likeness between him and them; just so she had recalled all her own and her husband's relatives as far as she had known them in childhood, and she found no decisive likeness to either child there. The children were both fair, both blue-eyed; this was a fine fat baby, but then he had never been ill. The other had had an attack of scarlatina, had been pulled down by it, and was not fat; that was all.

Maria Aird did not get out of the omnibus which brought her to Kensington High Street till about seven o'clock in

the evening; the day had been hot and the street was more shady than dusk, though the weather was remarkably overcast.

As she walked on, she saw a stretcher preceding her. It was borne on the shoulders of four policemen, who were pacing carefully along. At first she knew not what was upon it — it was something brown. Then suddenly it revealed itself plainly to her — a woman's gown. Yes, poor creature, it was a woman.

Bandages were swathed round and round her and the stretcher, but she did not move or show any sign of life. Mrs. Aird could make out her figure, and, as she went on, still the stretcher preceded her up a street, through the square, then down another street, then to the little court where she lived, and there — oh, terror! it stopped at her mother's door.

A cry from within echoed her agonized voice without, "Oh, mother, mother!"

The dull misery of the day was as nothing, now this more acute agony absorbed all her thoughts.

The poor patient was carried to her bed, and her daughters were told of her having been run over in one of the narrow streets near, and from the first having been insensible, showing in her face no expression of pain.

A kindly neighbor proposed to take charge of the baby for the night. The young widow let him go, scarcely looking at him; she remembered every few minutes, with a flash of fear, that she might now perhaps never be able to ask the question on which so much depended. She loved her mother, and between this love and this fear it seemed as if nothing could exhaust her. That night and the next day, and through the next night, her untiring eyes kept watch; her unwearied hands were busy about the silent patient.

Sometimes a little better, there would seem to be intelligence in her mother's eyes, then again there would be a wandering and aimless gaze.

The daughters were told to hope, and hope assisted in sustaining them; but as yet no communication was possible. At last Maria Jane Aird felt that she could do no more, and left her place by the bedside to her sister.

Another weary day and night passed, still they were told to hope; then, just at dawn, the tired sister crept to Maria's bed and woke her with, "Mother has spoken quite sensibly several times;" and she got up, and came to take her turn at the nursing. The red flush and solemn

light of sunrise was on the ceiling, and seemed to be cast down on her mother's pallid and wasted features. She saw at once an improvement of a certain kind, but the face was no longer calm; she laid her hand gently on her mother's, saying, in a soothing tone, "You must be quite still, mother dear, and not fuss yourself about anything — there's no occasion."

Such a commonplace reply, — "Me not fuss, and your silk gown gone to the pawnbroker's?"

"Don't trouble about that, dear mother."

"And your watch — I heard you both express that you'd do it when you did not think I noticed."

"Well, mother dear, I can get them out when you're better," said the daughter soothingly.

"I — I never loved to see the dawn, I told *him* — told *him* that lie, just at the dawn."

"It did no harm in the ending of it, mother dear," she answered, understanding her instantly.

"Then it — it don't signify, Maria, my girl?"

"No, nothing signifies but your getting well."

"And where's the child?"

"I paid foupence to have him taken care of for to-night. Mother?"

"Ay, my girl."

"The child — we were talking of the child. *Is he mine?*"

She leaned down with a face full of earnest entreaty and anguish; the mother gasped, and seemed to make an effort to speak.

"Is he mine?" murmured the daughter. "Did you change him, mother? Say yes, or say no."

And yet neither could be said. There seemed to be some effort first to speak, then some effort to bear in mind the matter that should be spoken of, and after that the little glimpse of sense and reason was gone. The daughter thought she whispered, "*Some other time*," then her eyes closed, and the fallacious hope of recovery was over.

It was about a month after this that Mrs. Johnstone got another letter from Mrs. Aird, and was touched by the simple filial love and grief that breathed through it. Her dear mother, the best of parents, had been knocked down by a cab in the street on the very day that the writer had spent in Upper Harley Street, and had met with injuries to her head. The last sentence Mrs. Johnstone read without any

thought of the anguish which had wrung it from the writer, or of how much it concerned herself.

"She died, and, O madam! there were words I longed above all things to hear from her poor lips, and she could not say them."

"Poor thing!" said Mrs. Johnstone, quietly laying the letter aside, "I like that young woman; there's something so open and sincere about her."

"But I rather think this is meant for a begging letter, my dear," observed Mr. Johnstone; "this is rather a telling sentence as to her not being able to maintain herself in service again on account of the *burden* of her young child."

He had a newspaper in his hand, and, as he spoke, he looked down and aside from it at the little Donald, who was now seven months old, and was crowing and kicking on the rug — a puppy nestling close to him, and receiving meekly various soft infantile thumps from his fat little fist. A red setter, the mother of the puppy, looked on with a somewhat dejected air, as if she knew her offspring was honored by the notice of this child of the favored race, but yet could have wished those dimpled hands would respect her treasure's eyes. Mr. Johnstone, from looking at his heir, got to whistling to him. "You're a burden — a very sore burden," he said, smiling, to him; "did you know that?"

The baby stared at him, understanding the good-will in his pleasant face, but nothing more. He was old enough already to answer the paternal expression, and presently he smiled all over his little face.

As long as only the puppy had been procurable as a playmate, he had been contented with it; but now, conceiving hope of a more desirable slave, he made vigorous efforts to turn himself over, and, clutching his father's foot, soon got himself taken up, and began forthwith to amuse himself and make himself agreeable according to his lights, dashing his hand into his father's breakfast-cup, and when this had been withdrawn and dried, seizing various envelopes, dropping them on the floor, and beginning to crow and screech with the peculiar ecstasy of a baby in full action, while he worked his arms and legs about, reckless of the trouble it was to prevent him from wriggling off. Meanwhile Mrs. Johnstone smiled with some quiet enjoyment, and carefully removed all the knives and all the crockery out of his reach.

"Well, love," she said at last, "have you had enough of it?" Thereupon Mr. Johnstone called to the dog, "Die, ring the bell;" and the setter walked forth from under the table, and, grasping the bell-handle in both paws, pulled it down, while his master, still struggling with the baby, exclaimed, "This boy has more life in him than all the girls put together. I defy any fellow to hold him, and take care of him, without giving his whole mind to it and to nothing else."

"There goes the milk!" said the mother; "I did not think he could have reached it. Look, my baby, dear! does baby know what he has done?"

"He looks as if he did; the sapient air he gives himself is something wonderful. It is evident that a man-child from the first is different from girl babies. What shall I do with you, my son, when you are older?"

"Don't afflict thyself, love," said his wife, caressing his hand; "he is just like the others; but you know you were never in the habit of having them down-stairs at breakfast time, nor of otherwise troubling yourself with the charge of them."

The nurse now appeared, and had no sooner carried off Master Donald Johnstone, and shut the door behind her, than Die the setter started up with several little yaps of satisfaction, and, seizing her puppy by the neck, deposited it in Mrs. Johnstone's lap. The setter knew very well that her puppy was a thing of no account when the baby was present, and she sometimes testified her dissatisfaction, and expressed her sensation of dullness in his society, and the neglect brought her, by uttering a loud and somewhat impertinent yawn. Now she was happy, and probably thought things were as they should be; her puppy had curled himself up in the upstart baby's place, and she was watching him, with her chin upon her master's foot.

Mr. Johnstone was a man about thirty-four years of age; he was about the middle height; in complexion he inclined to fairness; he was neither handsome nor plain; he walked much more like a soldier than a civilian, and he had one remarkably agreeable feature—his eyes, which were of a bright light hazel, had a charming power of expressing affection and frankness. He was a man whom every body liked, and most of all those who had the most to do with him. People who made his acquaintance often found themselves attached to him before they had discovered why.

Mrs. Johnstone, on the other hand, was much above the middle height; she had not one good feature, and yet she was exceedingly admired by the other sex, and had been won, with great difficulty, by her husband from several other suitors who sighed for her. She had that hair which, of all the varieties called red, is alone beautiful. It was so light and bright that it crowned her like a glory, and she had blue eyes and thick, light eyelashes.

An easy, cordial manner, and that observant tact which always characterizes a much-admired woman, were in her case mingled with real sweetness of nature and wish to do kindness. These good qualities, however, by no means accounted for the love which had been lavished on her. That must be indeed an unamiable woman whose lovers can find no good quality to quote in excuse, or perhaps as a reason (!), for the extravagance of their love. Mr. Johnstone had never raved about her virtues; that was, perhaps, because he had taken them all for granted; and when, after some months of marriage, he discovered that her charm was an abiding one, and that she was just as sensible, just as devoted, and no more extravagant than other men's wives, he could hardly believe in his own good fortune. He also showed himself a sensible man. Of course she was lovely—most men thought so—but he never had her photographed. Photographs deal with facts, and when the photograph showed him rather a long upper lip, eyes by no means lustrous, and a nose neither Roman nor Grecian, he destroyed it, all but one copy, which he intended to keep carefully hidden for himself, and begged her never to be photographed again.

Then she laughed, but not without a certain tenderness, and said, "Oh, Donald, what a goose you are!"

"Do you think so, my dear?" he answered, still looking at the portrait rather ruefully, and then at her as she sat by him on a sofa.

"Of course," she answered, looking him straight in the face, as if lost in contemplation.

"Well?" he asked.

"And yet I always did—and I suppose I always shall—think you the only man worth mentioning."

But that little scene had been long over at the time when Die the setter put her puppy into Mrs. Donald Johnstone's lap. A discussion took place which concerned Mrs. Aird, and which ended in a hand-

some present of money being sent her by post-office order, with a letter from Mrs. Johnstone, who told her that, if ever she did go to service again, she might depend on a good character from her as an honest, sober, cleanly, and thoroughly trustworthy person.

Having written this kind letter, and shown herself just as able as most of us to judge of character—that is, just as unable to divide manner from conduct, to make allowance for overwhelming circumstance, and bridge over the wide gap, in her thoughts, which rends apart the interests of the rich from those of the poor—Mrs. Johnstone almost forgot Maria Aird. She had a letter of thanks from her, but she was never asked for the “character;” the very dangerous illness which had caused her to want this young woman’s services, and the loss of her little girl, began alike to recede into the background of her thoughts. She could think of her precious little Irene without tears. Her two little girls were healthy and happy, her boy was growing fast, and she was shortly hoping to add another boy to her little tribe. Of course it was to be a boy; her husband’s great desire for sons always made her feel as if her girls were failures. He was fond of them, and imagined that he made no difference between one and another of his children; but his little daughters, though by no means able to express a contrary opinion, not only held it, but would certainly have justified it, if they had known how; they shared their father’s views, and considered that their “boy baby” enhanced their own dignity.

It was about the longest day; Mr. Johnstone, coming home to dinner, was advancing along Upper Harley Street on foot, when a young man, who seemed to be loitering along, looking out for some one, met him and suddenly stopped short without addressing him.

Mr. Johnstone for the moment stopped short also.

“Sir,” said the man, turning as he went on, and walking beside him, “I am aware that I am speaking to Mr. Johnstone.”

“Certainly you are: what do you want with me?”

He paused, for he had reached his own steps. He had spoken with the brusque manner that an officer uses in addressing a soldier. He now looked the young man straight in the face, and saw, to his surprise, the signs of great and varying emotion, and a strange flush of anger or shame. “Not drunk,” thought Mr. John-

stone. The man looked at him, and at that instant the footman answered his master’s knock.

“Well?” said Mr. Johnstone.

“I can’t say it,” exclaimed the young fellow; and, turning round, he almost ran away.

“Queer!” thought the lawyer, and he entered his own house, pondering on the matter; but he soon forgot it, for Mrs. Johnstone was not at all well.

In the course of a few hours there was another infantile failure in Upper Harley Street.

The father, intensely grateful for this endeared wife’s safety, went to bed in broad daylight; but, first putting his head out of the open window to inhale the early air, he saw, looking up—but it flitted away almost at once—a female figure that seemed familiar to him. Surely that was the nurse—the young widow, Mrs. Aird? Odd of her to be gazing up at his window at three o’clock in the morning—and with her was (or he was very much mistaken) the identical young man who had accosted him in the street, and then so suddenly taken himself off!

Mr. Johnstone closed the window, and very soon fell asleep, looked down upon by hundreds of cabbage roses—for this was the same room where Mrs. Aird had been sitting with his boy baby when the telegram came in that sent them out of the house.

A few days had passed, Mrs. Johnstone was said to be “as well as could be expected,” when one evening, just as he had dined, her husband was told that a young man wanted to speak with him.

The young man had been shown into a library at the back of the house, the light was already going, but Mr. Johnstone recognized him instantly.

“You accosted me in the street the other day?”

“Yes, sir.”

The clear, hazel eyes looked straight at him; his next speech seemed to be in answer to them,—“I am not come here to deceive you, sir.”

#### CHAPTER V.

MR. JOHNSTONE rang the bell, and a shaded lamp was brought in. The young man did not speak till the servant had shut the door; then, looking at Mr. Johnstone as he stood on the rug, “I should wish to prevent mistakes,” he began.

“You had better sit down,” was the answer.

The young man sat down. “I am not

come to ask your professional aid, sir," he continued; "I know this ain't the place to do it in, and I know you've nothing to do with criminal cases either. But, sir, it is a crime that I'm come to speak of. Well—no, I don't know what it is, and nobody else does."

Here Mr. Johnstone naturally felt some astonishment, and his clear, keen eyes held the young man so completely under their control that he seemed to find nothing to say, but to repeat his former assurance.

"I am not come here to deceive you, sir—why should I? I might have kept away and never said a word. But, oh, it's hard upon me that I should have it to do!"

"It seems to me that you have to accuse some one else, then?" said his host, intending to help him.

"Yes."

"By the way you express yourself, I gather that the crime, whatever it may be, is not committed yet? It might be a burglary, for instance, projected but not accomplished?"

"Oh, no, sir, no—they were both as honest as the day, poor things!"

"Women, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, man, speak out!"

"Speak out!" repeated the young man passionately; "speak out! when it's my own wife, that I haven't been married to three weeks, and when I don't know what you'll do to her! Speak out! If you'd ever loved a woman as I love her, you'd—you'd be more merciful, sir."

Excited as the young man was, he perceived at once that this exclamation was, in the ears of his listener, absolutely absurd. Donald Johnstone had, as if involuntarily, lifted his eyes; they rested on the wall, behind where the young husband had been ordered to sit. He saw for a moment, in their clear depth, not the assertion, but the evidence, of a passionate love which, even in the first freshness of his own, brought his thoughts to a pause. Then there was something deliberate in their withdrawal which checked the young man's desire to glance behind him. Something like a flash of displeasure met his gaze. He perceived that he was supposed to have taken a liberty. There was no answer to his speech; he must begin again as well as he could.

"It's my wife and her mother," he said in a low voice, "that I've come to speak of—what one of them did, as we are afraid (for, mark you, sir, we are not sure)

—what one of them did, and the other let to be done—what one of them did, and then died, and we think wanted to speak of first, but could not find the words."

"Your wife and her mother?" repeated Mr. Johnstone with a weighty calm; "and you feel that you must lay it before some one? You want advice—is that it?"

"No, sir, not advice: my wife wants forgiveness, if you could forgive her."

Mr. Johnstone looked surprised, but not at all alarmed.

The young man wiped his forehead. "I fell in love with her when she had her widow's cap on a full year ago," he said; "but, when I offered to her, she would not have me. I was so fond of her; I said, 'I ain't capable of taking a denial without a reason.' Then she says, 'Have the reason: I've something on my mind.' Her name was Maria Jane Aird."

Mr. Johnstone was not surprised; he remembered how he had seen this young woman when he looked out of the window in the night. Pity for the husband arose in his mind.

"She was in a situation of trust," he said, "and I am afraid you mean that she abused it?"

"Yes, sir—alas! she did. But at that time she would not tell me what her fault was. 'You, maybe, would not hold to your wish to take me,' was all she said, 'if you knew what I have on my mind;' but I did hold to it—I could not help it—and she never did speak, though, in the end, she married me."

His distress was such that Mr. Johnstone tried to help him again.

"And then she probably told you that she had unfortunately taken something of value out of this house—some jewel, perhaps? If so, you are come to return it? Well, I pity you, and I forgive her."

"Bless you, sir!" exclaimed the young man, quite impatient at his calm; "I told you they were honest. Sir, don't make it harder for me and myself too. You will have it that this thing is nothing to you. It is. I think, if you would sit down, I could speak better; won't you, sir? There, that's it! I'm talking of my wife, Maria; she was wet-nurse here."

"Yes."

"And you sent her away from the house with your baby?"

"Yes."

Now, at last, something like fear began to show itself in Donald Johnstone's face, but it was a vague fear.

"You never ought to have done it, sir."



"He was quite well," answered the father, amazed and pale, "quite well all the time; he cannot have met with any injury? She must have done her duty by him."

"You should not have done it," repeated the young man. "As I make out, you were so afraid of an illness you had in the house that you never came near him or set your eyes on him for two or three months; and how were you to judge, when you had a child back, whether it was the same? Sir, sit down; don't look like that! There! it's quite possible the children were not changed."

"Changed!" exclaimed the father, shuddering.

"I'm sure I don't know how to tell it you, but my poor wife, all on a sudden, was taken very ill, and sent for her mother, who came with the baby—Maria's baby. Maria did not see either of the children again, being so ill. I don't know how to tell it you, but I'm afraid that woman, wishing her own grandchild in a better position—I am afraid those children were changed."

No need now to tell the father to take this thing seriously; he trembled from head to foot, and could not speak.

"But we shall never know," proceeded the young man. "*'Is the other child living?'*" I seem to think you would ask. Yes, sir, and as well as can be."

"It's impossible your wife should be in any doubt," exclaimed the other, recovering his voice and starting up, white to the lips. "Impossible she should not know! She must know, she does know, whether this wicked, base, cruel crime was perpetrated or not. And what makes her even suspect such a thing?" he added, sinking back faint between his passion and his despair.

"Her mother many times tempted her to do it, sir, and was angry with her because she would not," said the young man in a deprecating tone. "They had words, and Maria was angry with her mother, too."

"No, that story won't do. Angry with her, and then send for her, and leave her alone with all opportunity to do her worst?"

"It seems bad, sir," continued the young man with studied gentleness and patience. "And it's only a fancy of Maria's that she might have done it. We haven't the least proof, Mr. Johnstone."

"If she connived at it, she is a wretch, as lost to all justice and mercy as her mother."

"And that's what lies so heavy on her mind," said the husband, still in a low, deprecatory voice.

"How did she tell it you? Let me know the worst—for Heaven's sake let me hear it all!"

"We had but been married three days, and it was Sunday. Maria was putting the little chap's coat on. I says, 'He's a credit to you, Maria.' 'He'll be my punishment before he's done,' she makes answer; 'for, David, *this child is what I have on my mind.*' She was kneeling on the ground; she put on her things, but you may think we did not go to church that morning. I carried the child into Richmond Park (I live and have my trade at Richmond). There we sat down, and I said, 'Maria, my dear, it's now time to speak. I've often seen you fret—and so it's concerning your child?' 'Yes,' she makes answer again, 'for I give you my plain word for it—and what I say I mean, David—I don't know whether he's mine or not.'"

It will be observed that this version of the story was not the true one, for Maria Aird did change the children. All her doubt was as to what her mother had done, otherwise she would have known well enough that the child her second husband was so willing to be good to was not hers. The young man, however, did his best to make the thing plain; he gave the version he had received. His wife's sorrow and repentance were genuine—this he had perceived at once; and that she was capable of fretting over her fault, and yet misrepresenting it, never entered his head. She screened herself at the expense of the dead. He never supposed that her misery, in the sense of this uncertainty, was half owing to her doubt as to whether or not she had secured a better lot in life for her child in return for her own distress of mind. If she had been sure this was the case, she would have felt herself repaid; but to have lost her own child utterly, and yet to have no reward—to be unable to love the one she had in her arms, and yet not be sure that she did not owe him a mother's love—was more than her half-awakened conscience could bear. She had turned herself out of the paradise of innocence; she had gathered the apple and not tasted its sweetness: how was she to know what a common experience this is? How could she suppose that the promised good in evil was all a cheat, and that she should find nothing but bitterness in it from the very first?

The everlasting lie had been uttered to her also.

There was silence now, and the young man did not dare to break it. His heart was beating more freely, for the dreaded words had been said. He felt a strange consciousness of the picture that he knew was hanging behind him; but, though Donald Johnstone's head was bowed into his hands, it seemed impossible to turn and look at it. But this poor gentleman was thinking of her whom it represented. "Oh, my wife!" the young man heard him murmur. The words gave him a lump in his throat; he longed to be dismissed; he thought of rising, and proposing to take his leave, but did not see his way to this. How long would Mr. Johnstone sit with his face in his hands?

Mr. Johnstone lifted it up at last, and the young man had never been so astonished in his life as he was at the tone and manner, at the most unexpected words, and the most keen expression of countenance with which he accosted him.

"What is your name, Mr. David——?"

"My name is David Collingwood, sir."

"And what is your calling, Mr. David Collingwood?"

"I'm a carpenter, sir, the same as Maria's first husband was."

"Oh! Have you any thought of going abroad——of emigrating?"

"Yes, sir!" exclaimed the young man, very much astonished; "that's what I think of doing as soon as ever I can. I'm saving money for it."

"I thought so!"

"Sir?"

"A child would be a great burden to you on a voyage."

"So Maria has always said, sir."

"She has, has she? Mr. David Collingwood?"

"Yes, sir?"

"You know nothing of me?"

"No, I don't."

"For instance, as to whether I am a man of my word or no?"

Mr. David Collingwood here began to look a little alarmed; involuntarily he glanced towards the window.

His host was looking straight at him.

"Don't be frightened," he said again, coming close to Mr. David Collingwood's thought. "I have no intention of throwing you out of that!"

David Collingwood rose quietly,—"Sir, I've said what I had to say."

"Yes, but you have not heard what I have to say!"

"No, sir, but I can't make out what you should have to say as I need be afraid of!"

"Why are you afraid, then?"

"I'm not!" said the carpenter, but he trembled.

"Do I look like a man who may be expected to keep to what I say?"

"Yes, you do."

"Well, I say, then, if you will confess to me that all you have said to-night is a lie——"

"A lie!" shouted the man.

"Yes, a lie, and that you—not unnaturally—feeling what a burden this child will be to you, and hoping to get rid of him, have persuaded your wife——"

"A lie!" shouted the man again, almost in a rage.

"Have persuaded your wife to bear you out in this story, I will give you, David Collingwood, two hundred pounds, and no man out of this room shall ever hear a word of the matter."

"Why, what good would that do?" cried the carpenter, so much astonished that it almost overcame his anger.

Mr. Johnstone was silent. There was a long pause.

"It wouldn't help me to get rid of the child," reasoned David Collingwood at last, almost remonstrating with him, "because, anyhow, one of them must be my wife's, and thereby one of them must be on my hands to bring up."

"You don't think so?"

"Don't I, sir?" said the carpenter, almost helplessly, and with an air of puzzlement indescribable.

"No, you are just as well aware as I am that, rather than let you two take over to Australia—you a stepfather as you are, and she a worse than stepmother, as she must be, whether her tale is true or false, and whether the boy is hers or not—rather than let you two carry away forever a child who may be my child, I shall take him off your hands—do you hear me?—take him off your hands and bring him up myself. Do you mean to tell me you have not thought of this and counted on it?"

David Collingwood trembled visibly.

"I may have gone so far as to think"—he began.

"To think what?"

"That maybe I should do so if I was you, sir, and one of the children was mine."

"And what did your wife say when she and you talked it over together?"

"We never did talk it over together."

"You never said to her, then, that if you two stuck to this tale, the child was secure of a good bringing up?"

"No, I didn't."

"She never wept over the boy, and said it would be a sore distress to her to part with him?"

"No, she didn't; she has not a mother's feelings for him, because of her doubt."

"Well, David Collingwood, I offer you two hundred pounds to confess that this is all a lie, and a plot between you and your wife to get rid of her child."

David Collingwood was silent.

"I should only add one condition — that is, that you would stay here, in this room, till after I have seen your wife, and seen her alone. I should tell her of your confession, and then you have my word for silence ever after."

"My wife would be frightened out of her senses!"

"Why?"

"She thinks, and I was afeard, you would have the law of her — take her up and prosecute her for what she's done."

"But she did not do it."

David Collingwood was sitting down with arms folded; he had looked very much puzzled, and sat long silent. At last he lifted his face, and when Mr. Johnstone saw its expression, he involuntarily sighed.

"I've had mean thoughts in my mind, like other men," he began. "Sir, you may go to my wife, if you have a mind, for I think you have a right so to do. In short, come what may, I don't see, now I've once spoken, what I've got it in my power to do for her. Yes, you may go, of course, to her; it ain't in my power to prevent it. I seem to observe now what you mean, sir. If I would own to a lie, it would what you lawyer gentlemen call discredit me as a witness, and then you could get alone with my wife, and perhaps make her tell you a different tale, and so you'd buy your own son, and be sure you'd got him. But I say —"

"Yes, David Collingwood."

"I say, be hanged to your two hundred pounds! If my poor wife has done you the base wrong she says she has (well, I mean the wrong she owns to have let her mother do, wishing and hoping it was done) that money ain't of any use. It is only of use in case she has told you and me a lie. I may have had a mean thought as well as another man, but I'm not a villain. You want, by means of that money, to bring out the falseness of the tale. It

cuts me very sharp to say it to you — the tale's not false; worse luck! it's true."

No answer to this. Donald Johnstone, looking straight before him, very pale, but not convinced, was searching over his recollections. David Collingwood went on, —

"She never told me this that was on her mind through any thought that I should up and tell it to you. It slipped out along of her feeling how fond I was of her, and to relieve her own mind. She cannot keep a secret. And when I broke to her that it must be told to you, she fell into a great faint, and said you would take her up and she should be imprisoned. Through that I went to a lawyer."

"Oh! you did?"

"Well, I did, sir, and told him all except the names and the places. If he had said you could and would prosecute, you would never have heard a word from me. He said, 'The weak place is' — but you know what it is, sir."

"Go on."

"What is the woman afraid of?' he said; 'there is no witness — not one! The person is dead that is accused of having probably done this thing.' 'I was afraid she might be prosecuted for a conspiracy,' said I. 'No,' said he, 'there was no conspiracy.' 'It's her opinion,' said I, 'that it's more than likely the thing was done.' 'But,' said he, 'she cannot be prosecuted for an opinion, and one that, if she is frightened, she is not obliged to stick to. If there had been any evidence whatever, but what is to come out of her own mouth — if she had ever breathed a word of this, or if the other woman had —'"

Here he paused.

"Then the supposed father might have brought an action in hope of obtaining more evidence — more witnesses — was that it? How do you know that I shall not do so even now?"

"Well, I satisfied him fully, and had to pay for it. I satisfied him that the thing — the whole of it — was in my wife's mind and nowhere else."

"And then you went home and told her you believed it? What was the lawyer's name?"

"Oh, sir, you'll excuse me."

"You paid for his information — I am willing to pay for mine."

"I couldn't tell you, sir."

"If he was a respectable man, he told you, first, that he would have nothing to do with the case; and, secondly, that he believed it was a got-up story intended to

extort money from an unfortunate father. He advised you to drop it, and said you were playing with edge-tools."

David Collingwood's look of astonishment and intense dismay seemed to show that something very like this had actually been said to him; he sat silent and became angry. Donald Johnstone never took his eyes off him, but, with a pang not to be described, he saw the astonishment subside, the anger fade away, and the young man said, meeting his gaze with tolerable firmness, —

"And what do you think yourself, sir? Do you think it is a got-up story?"

"I don't know what to think."

"No, sir; and as to your wanting to turn it against me, you've met with such a cruel wrong that I should be a brute if I couldn't take it patiently — only — I've met with a wrong too, sir."

"This concerns my own son — my only son. By what you say, I am never to know — never can know — whether the child I am bringing up is my child or not."

"And you've tried one way and another to find out whether I've lied, and you have a right — I know it cuts — but it doesn't cut you only."

"No, I am truly sorry for you, David Collingwood. *If this is true* —"

"For she's not what I thought she was, and I've only been married to her three weeks."

He broke down here, and shed tears, but the other had no tears; he was extremely pale, and he trembled as he sat looking at the portrait on the wall with unspeakable love and almost despair.

David Collingwood sat some time trying in vain to recover himself. Not a word was spoken, his host knew neither what to say nor what to do. How should he tell this beloved wife, who had almost died to give him birth, that he knew not whether their one son was theirs or not? how should he bear it himself? Suddenly a bright hope came into his mind. The other child might prove to have no likeness whatever to himself or to his other children; he might prove to be specially unlike them. At least there would be comfort in this if he did.

David Collingwood spoke while he was deep in this flattering hope. He rose and said sullenly, "What do you want me to do, sir? It's late — my wife —"

"Your wife will be uneasy?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am afraid that on this one occasion you cannot consider her feelings."

"What am I to do, then?"

"I am going to Richmond. It is essential that I should see her before you do."

"I never said she was at Richmond; she is in the street, waiting for me."

"And the child with her?"

"No, sir, she's alone."

"Then you stay in this room and I will call her in."

"You may turn the lock on me, sir, if you please."

Donald Johnstone put on his hat, left the young husband, and, opening the front door, looked keenly right and left. There was not far to look: a woman in black, near at hand, was dejectedly pacing on. As she came absolutely to the foot of his doorstep, he descended and looked straight into her eyes. She stood and gazed as if fascinated, the color fading out of her face, and her hands clenching themselves.

"You — you won't prosecute me?" she entreated helplessly, and stammering as her mother had done.

"No, you base woman," he answered, "because it would be useless. Come here!"

"Must I — oh, sir! — must I come in?"

She entered. He was even then mindful of his invalid up-stairs, and shut the door most deliberately and gently behind him; then he entered the dining-room, locked the door, put up the gas, and turned. She had followed him but a little way into the room, and was already on her knees; her terror was far from simulated, and his quickness of observation showed him in an instant that no probable fault of her dead mother's could ever have brought that ashen pallor and deadly fright into her face.

"Maria Collingwood," he began, almost in a whisper, as he stood leaning slightly towards her and looking straight down into her eyes, "you have told lies to your husband — do you hear me? — lies!"

Her white lips murmured something, but it hardly seemed to be a denial. She was kneeling upright, and with folded hands.

"But you may look for all mercy that is possible from me, if you will now speak the truth."

This was far from the way in which he had intended to begin. Her own face had brought his accusation upon her. She stammered out, "He — he would hate me; he — he would cast me off, if — if I did. Oh, have mercy!" Then she *had*

deceived her husband; there was no plot, the man was her dupe.

"I will have mercy if you tell me all the truth."

"And he shall not know?" she moaned.

"I'll give you no time for meditation, and for the inventing of fresh lies; unless you speak, and instantly, he shall know what you have already said; but if you speak, and I feel that you speak the truth, he shall not."

And then, at a sign from him, she rose, took the chair he pointed to, and told all her miserable story in few words.

Donald Johnstone ground his teeth together in the agonizing desire to keep himself silent, lest he should frighten back the truth, and never have a chance of hearing it more. He allowed all to be told—her temptation, her yielding, her illness, her intention of sending away the wrong child, and then her doubt as to what her mother had done. All, he perceived, depended on what had been the mother's opinion. She had no conscience.

"And you incline to think this second villany was accomplished—why?"

"Mother couldn't look at me, sir, when I got home."

"And, on the other hand?"

"On the other hand, when I saw the baby here, I seemed to think he was the most like what I remembered of mine."

#### CHAPTER VI.

THAT was a miserable night for Donald Johnstone. It was twelve o'clock before the guilty woman and her husband were sent away—David Collingwood almost with kindness, and his wife without one word. The possible father had got what he wanted—two distinct tales, differing from one another, but, as he listened to the details of the second, he shared in the unsolvable doubt.

He ordered David Collingwood to bring the child the next morning, and, having dismissed the pair, he sat till daylight filtered in between the leaves of the shutters, and could not decide what to do further.

It was the doubt that mastered him and confused his mind. And what father in real life, or in any true history, had gone through such an experience as would be a guide to him? He was the victim of an unknown crime—as truly unknown in life as well known in the penny theatres. His distracted thoughts dragged him through all the phases of feeling, even to scornful laughter that left a lump in his throat. "Have you a mole on your left

arm?" asks the supposed father in *Punch*. "No!" "Then come to my arms, my long-lost son!"

He laughed bitterly, and could not help it; then he moaned over his wife. How would she bear it, and how and when could he tell it to her?

There was tragedy indeed here, and yet what a hateful, enraging smack of the ridiculous too! He perceived that he could not possibly let such a story come out; all London would ring with it. When the children were taken out with their nurses, people would collect at his door on purpose to look at them! No, not a soul must hear of it. How, then, could he do his duty, and satisfy his love towards his son?

He was in his room only three hours or so. When he came down to breakfast, he said to the footman, "I have told Mrs. Aird to bring Master Donald's foster-brother here. When they come, show them in." He had a headache, and sighed bitterly as he sat down; the hand trembled that poured out the coffee. The moment after, there was a modest knock at the door, and the little child who *perhaps* had so vast a claim on him as *perhaps* come to his rightful home.

He looked up; David Collingwood and Maria Collingwood were standing stock still within the door. Maria did not lift up her eyes, she was mute and pale, and she held a lovely little boy in her arms.

"Put that child down," was all Mr. Johnstone could say; and he did not rise from his place at the table. But, lo! the small visitor, not troubled with any doubts or fears as to his welcome, no sooner found himself on the floor than he began to trot towards the rug, on which was lying the old setter, with a puppy as usual. This one was about two months old. She seized him as the baby advanced, and slunk under the table. Then the pretty little fellow laughed, and showed a mouthful of pearls, pointing with his finger under the table.

"Boy did see doggy," he said, fearlessly addressing the strange gentleman; then, coming straight up to him, he laid his dimpled hand on Mr. Johnstone's knee, and stooped the better to see the dog.

"Up, up!" he next said in an entreating tone. Mr. Johnstone took him up on his knee with perfect gravity and gentleness, and looked at the man and woman who were standing motionless within the door. The man was trembling; the woman, white and frightened, held her-



self absolutely still. "You may go," he said.

"One — for — Lancy," lisped the child, pointing to some strawberries on a plate on the table.

"You may go," repeated Mr. Johnstone; he could not trust himself to say more.

"Yes, sir; when is she to come back for him?"

"Never!"

"One — for — Lancy," repeated the child with sweet entreaty.

The possible father put one into his little hand.

"I mean, sir, what are we to do — when is she to take him back?"

"I know what you mean: I answer, never!"

The young man whispered to his wife, and she, without once looking at the child, turned to the door. "I wish you good morning, sir," he said, and in another moment they were gone.

David Collingwood had caused his wife to spend money of his in dressing the little Lancy. The child was healthy and rosy, clean, well arrayed, and without the least shyness. He was a more beautiful little fellow than the treasure up-stairs, but not quite so big. He talked rather better; his hair was a shade browner than that of the two little girls in the nursery. Little Donald's, on the contrary, was a shade lighter; and there seemed to be no special likeness, in either child, to himself or to his wife.

Left alone with the little Lancy, all the pathos of the situation seemed to show itself to him. He could endure it well enough, he thought, for himself; but, like many another sympathetic and affectionate man, he had already begun to suffer for his wife; her supposed future feeling was worse to him than his own present distress. If he could be sure that she could bear it, he thought he could bear it very well.

Of course the child's face did not help him. At such an early age, children rarely show strong family likeness, unless the appearance of the parents is peculiar indeed.

When we see family likeness, which we constantly do, we think how natural it is; but when we see family unlikeness, which we also constantly do, it never costs us a moment's surprise, a moment's thought. In life, nobody is ever surprised if, or because, a brother and sister are diverse in feature, complexion, or character, and yet we all have a theory concerning family

likeness, and generally it is an exaggerated one.

A fresh series of observations, if theory could be set aside, would perhaps show that strong likeness is almost always founded on peculiarity.

A man of average height, with no exaggerated feature, with somewhat light hair, gray or hazel eyes, and a certain freshness of complexion (neither pale nor ruddy), together with a figure rather firmly built, though not stout, — this description would suit many thousands of Englishmen; add a shade of auburn to the beard, and it would suit many thousands of Scotchmen; add a shade of blue to the eyes, and it would suit many thousands of Irishmen. These are the men who transmit national likeness.

But here and there you may meet a man with a nose like an eagle's beak, stalking about his fields with his young brood after him. In all probability, a like nose is in course of erection on their youthful faces. Or you fall in with a man who has a preposterously deep bass voice — too deep for ordinary life — much deeper, in fact, than he is himself — his children, more likely than not, echo that voice, sons and daughters both. Or you see a man, lanky, and so tall that, when he has done getting up, you think how conveniently he might be folded together like a yard measure, his children rise and step after him like storks. Ten to one his very baby is taller than it ought to be. Such men as these transmit family likeness.

The little Lancy soon slipped off Mr. Johnstone's knee, and began to talk and scold at the puppy, because he would not come and be friendly — in other words, to be tormented.

The old mother knew better than to leave him to the tender mercies of a baby boy. She rose, and, taking him in her mouth, walked slowly away round and round the table, the child following, and just not overtaking her. This game was going on when Mr. Johnstone caught sight of a parcel lying on a chair close to the door. He had told David Collingwood to ask his wife whether she had any photograph in her possession of her first husband — if so, to bring it.

He now cut open the little package, but there were no photographs in it, only two letters — one from a lady, giving an excellent character to *Maria Jane Pearson* as a housemaid, setting forth that she was honest, sober, and steady. It seemed to have been preserved as a gratifying testimony of approval, but did not bear on the

present case. The other letter was from David Collingwood, and was as follows:—

"SIR,—As it ain't in my power to say what I meant to say when I see you, along of my feeling so badly about this matter, I write this to inform you that my wife has no portraits of her first husband, for he was very badly marked with small-pox, and never would be taken, and she says he had no brothers nor sisters, and his parents are not living. Herewith you will find her marriage lines. She has always kept herself respectable, and do assure me she never did wrong in her life but in the one thing you know of. And she humbly begs your pardon. I am, your obedient, humble servant,

"DAVID COLLINGWOOD."

A baby hand was on his knee again. He looked down; tears were on the little flushed cheeks; the long, slow chase had been useless.

"Boy did want doggy," he sobbed. Mr. Johnstone felt a sudden yearning, and a catch in his throat that almost overcame him. He took up the child, and pressed him to his breast. For a moment or two the child and the man wept together. He soon recovered himself; it was a waste of emotion to suffer it to get the mastery now; there would come a day when he and his wife would weep together—that was the time to dread. He must save his courage, all his powers of consoling, flattering, encouraging, for that; the present was only his own distress—it was nothing.

There was rejoicing in the nursery upstairs that morning; the baby Aird, as he was called, had come to spend the day. He made himself perfectly at home; the little Johnstones produced all their toys for him. "What a credit he is to his mother!" said the nurse. "His clothes quite new, and almost as handsome as *our* children's."

David Collingwood, as he led his wife to the omnibus which was to take them home, could hardly believe his own good fortune. The child, "the encumbrance" that he had perforce taken with her, and had meant to do his duty by, had, contrary to all sober hope, been received into another man's house, and there he had been told to leave him. His wife, though confused and frightened, did not seem to feel any distress at parting with him.

"Is this all?" he repeated many times to himself as they went on. "Is this over?" "Is she truly going to get off scot-free?"

If so, the sooner he took her away the better. At the other side of the world he felt that he should have more chance of forgetting that, which while he remembered it made his love for his young wife more bitter than sweet to him.

"Is it over?" No, it was not quite over. They got out of the omnibus at their own cottage door. A hansom cab stood there, and Mr. Johnstone was paying the cabman. He followed them in. Maria Collingwood sank into a chair. Mr. Johnstone, not unnaturally, declined one; he stood with a note-book in his hand. "If you've—you've altered your mind," Maria began, "I'm willing, as is my duty, to take back the child."

David Collingwood darted an indignant look at her, but Mr. Johnstone took no notice of the speech. Various questions were asked her, and answered; the husband weighed the effect of her answers as each was given: "He can make nothing of that;" "He can make little of that;" "He sees she speaks the truth there;" "He'll not give the boy back for that!"

He was mean, as he had said, but not base.

The little sister—Mr. Johnstone wanted her address. She was in a place: the address was given.

"Where was she when your mother came home with the child?"

"She was in a place then, and till a month after."

"Can you prove that?"

The matter was gone into. Donald Johnstone hoped then for a few moments, and David Collingwood feared; but their respective feelings were soon reversed, for Maria did prove it. The sister was in a place as kitchen-girl at a school, and did not come home till it broke up for the holidays; consequently, she never saw the child till after her mother had brought him home to Kensington.

"Where did Mrs. Leach live?" Her address was given. It was asserted that she had never known there was more than one child under her roof; consequently, that she could not have harbored any sort of suspicion bearing on the case.

"Where was the girl who had carried one of the children out?" David Collingwood had ascertained that she was dead. Mr. Johnstone stood long pondering on this matter; finally he took David Collingwood with him to the cottage of Mrs. Leach, and asked a few questions, which abundantly proved the truth of what Mrs. Aird had declared. He therefore said nothing to excite her astonishment; but

gave her a present of money and withdrew.

Donald Johnstone came back to London in the course of the morning, and found the nurse who had lived in his family when the little Donald was born. She was very comfortably married, and he agreed with her to take Master Donald's foster-brother under her charge for a little while. Mrs. Aird, he informed her, had married again, and he intended to be good to the child. Less could hardly be said; and what his own servants might think of this story, he considered it best to leave to themselves.

In the course of time, Mrs. Johnstone perfectly recovered, the London season was just over, and the quietest time of year was coming on.

The worst, though he did not know it, had already been endured. His anxiety as to its effect on her had so wrought on him that she had discovered it, and a heavy portion of it was already weighing on her own heart. It was necessary that she should now be told, and she was so fully conscious that a certain something — she knew not what — was the matter, that when he said she had something to hear which would disturb her, she was quite relieved to find that he now thought her strong enough to know the worst.

She soon brought him to the point. It was not his health; it was nothing in his profession; it was no pecuniary loss: but when she saw his distress, she was sure that more than half of it was for her, and she did her very best to bear it well for his sake. And yet, when the blow fell, it was almost too much for her. She had all a woman's horror of doubt. Let her have anything to endure but doubt; yet doubt had come into her house, and, perhaps, forever was to reign over her. She, however, took the misfortune very sweetly and bravely. In general, the woman bears the small misfortunes and continued disappointments of life best, and the man bears best the great ones. Here the case was reversed: the woman bore it best, but that was mainly because of the supreme comfort of her husband's love and sympathy.

If we consider women whose lot it is to inspire deep affection, we shall sometimes find them, not those who can most generously bestow, but those who can most graciously receive. All is offered; they accept all without haggling about its possible endurance; their trust in affection helps to make it lasting, and their own

comfort in it is so evident as to call it forth and make it show itself at its best.

Donald Johnstone's wife had a disposition that longed to repose itself on another. Her peculiar and almost unconscious tact made her seem generally in harmony with her surroundings.

All she said, and did, and wore, appeared to be a part of herself; there was a sweet directness, a placid oneness about her, which inspired belief and caused contentment.

"Why am I so calm, so satisfied, so well with myself in this woman's presence?" men might have asked themselves; but they seldom did, perhaps because her loving, placid nature was seasoned in a very small degree with the love of admiration. She had a gracious insight into the feelings of others, and used it not to show off her own beauties, but to console them for defects in themselves.

Many people show us our deficiencies by the light of their own advantages, but Donald Johnstone's wife showed rather how insignificant those deficiencies must be since she who was so complete had never noticed them.

A sincere and admired woman, her firm and open preference for her own made her own forever satisfied; yet she always gave others a notion that she felt she had reason to trust them, sense to acknowledge their fine qualities, and leisure to delight in them.

Reverend in mind, and, on the whole, submissive, she yet was in the somewhat unusual position of a wife who knows that her husband's religious life is more developed and more satisfying than her own.

Master Donald's foster-brother was now sent for to dine in the nursery again, and delighted the nurse and her subordinate by the way in which he made himself at home, tyrannizing over the little Donald, picking the grapes out of his fat little hand, and trotting off with them while he sat on the floor and helplessly gazed at his nurse.

"Run after the little boy, then, Master Donny," cried the nursery maid; "why, he ain't near so big as you are!" But the little Donald placidly smiled; either he had not pluck yet, or he had not sense for contention; and, in the mean time, the little Lancy took from him and collected for himself most of the toys, specially the animals from a Noah's ark, which he carried off in his frock, retiring into a corner to examine them at his leisure.

Mr. Johnstone came up-stairs soon after the nursery dinner, and said the little Lancy might come with him and see Mrs. Johnstone; so the child's pinafore was taken off, and, with characteristic fearlessness, he put his hand in "gentleman's" hand and was taken down.

Mrs. Johnstone was in the dressing-room; her husband, having considered the matter, had decided to spare her all waiting for the child, all expectation. He opened the door quietly; she did not know this little guest was in the house; she should guess his name, or he should tell it her.

She had just sent the nurse down to her dinner, and was lying on a couch asleep—the baby in her bassinet beside her.

Fast asleep as it seemed; yet, the moment her husband came in with the child in his arms, she started as if the thought in his mind had power over her, and, opening her eyes, she looked at them with quiet, untroubled gaze. The time she had been waiting for was manifestly come. She rose, and slowly, as if drawn on, came to meet her husband, with her eyes on the little child, who was occupied with the toys which he still held in his hand. Neither the husband nor the wife spoke; she came close, laid her hand on the child's little bright head, and her cheek against his.

"Lady did kiss Lancy," said the child; then, looking attentively at her, and perhaps approvingly, he pursed up his rosy mouth and proffered a kiss in his turn.

"Lady must not cry," he next said, almost with indifference; then, as if to account for her tears, he continued, "Lady dot a mummy gone in ship—gone all away."

"Does Lancy cry for his mummy?" she asked the child, who was still embraced between them.

He shook his head.

"Why not? I feel easier, love, now I have seen him," she murmured; "our children are not like him. Why not, sweet baby boy?" she repeated.

"'Cause boy dot a horse and two doggy." He opened his hand and displayed this property. Nothing more likely than that this infantile account of himself was true. The animals from the ark had driven all the mother he knew of clean out of his baby heart.

"He talks remarkably well for two years and a quarter," she said, and that

was almost an assertion of her opinion, for the little Donald had only reached the age of two years, two months, and a fortnight. Mr. Johnstone heard it almost with dismay; his own opinion was drifting in the other direction.

She dried her eyes and held out her arms. "Will Lancy come to lady?" Of course he would; she took him, and sat down with him in her lap on the couch.

"I know how this will end," she exclaimed, holding him to her bosom with yearning unutterable. Then she burst into a passion of tears, kissing the little hands and face, and bemoaning herself and him with uncontrollable grief. "O Donald! how shall I bear it?"

She was bearing it much better than he could have expected. He was almost overcome himself, thinking how cruelly she had been treated, but he had nothing to say. He could only be near, standing at the end of the couch, leaning over her, to feel with her, and for her.

Then the child spoke, putting his arms round her neck—"Lancy loves lady." He seemed to have some intention of comforting her in his little mind.

"Estelle!" remonstrated her husband.

"But I shall know," she exclaimed, "I shall know in the end. You are making all possible inquiry?"

"My bright, particular star!" was all he answered; the tone was full of pity.

"And is nothing found out, Donald, nothing?"

"It is early days yet. If anything more can be done, I am on the look-out to do it."

"And you find nothing to do at present?"

"No."

"I know how this will end," she repeated. "I never will love *my own* less; he is so dear to every fibre of my heart."

"He is most dear to us both."

"But this one has come so near to me already, and the nearness is such a bitter pain—such pain. (Oh, you poor little one!) I know it will end in my so loving him, from anxiety and doubt, that I shall not be able to bear him long out of my sight."

"All shall be as you wish, my Stella," said the husband; but he thought, "You are far happier than I, for it will end—I know it will—in your loving both the boys as if they were your own; whilst I feel already that, if the shadow of a doubt remains, I shall not deeply love either."

From The Spectator.

## HAROUN ALRASCHID.

ASIA knows nothing of European history, its knowledge being almost confined to the name of Alexander—"Secunder, the Hero," as he is called there—and Europe knows almost as little of the history of Asia. The savants of the West know everything, of course, and the educated class in England has read Gibbon; but were it not that all the writers deemed inspired were Asiatics, and that the career of one little Syrian tribe is read in every schoolroom of Christendom, the popular knowledge of Asiatic personages and peoples would be *nil*. The Western peoples, as a body, do not know any Asiatic writer whatever outside the two Testaments; and of the dynasties, the heroes, the statesmen of the continent—and Asia has been marvellously rich in all three—they have acquired or retained but the most indefinite idea. Of the earlier rulers of western Asia, they have heard of only two,—Semiramis, the first woman ever crowned; and Darius, he whom Alexander conquered and dispossessed. Of the series of dynasties which founded, built up, and preserved that marvellous organization of China, which still to a third of the human race seems unimprovably perfect, they know absolutely nothing,—not their names, not their distinctions, not their feats. They know that one of them built the mightiest wall in the world, a wall which is a wonder of engineering and of durability, and that is all they definitely recollect. Of the group of dynasties which sprang from the loins of Jenghiz Khan—a man as original as Alexander, with Napoleon's capacity for organization—they never heard a name, unless it be that of Timour, and are as little aware that his descendants ruled Russia for two hundred and forty years, as well as China and all the countries between them, as that the standard of the Mutiny of 1857 was the name of the heir of one of the branches of his stock. The great mogul was but one of Jenghiz's throned descendants. Of the founders or legislators of great creeds, Confucius, Gautama, Munoo, Mahommed, the last only is more than a shadow to them; and of the successors of the latter, the long line of caliphs who conquered the Roman world and broke up its civilization, and so nearly reduced Europe to hopeless slavery, they have retained but a single name,—that of the fifth of the Abbasides, Haroun Alraschid of Baghdad. Many of them

were men of the first intellectual rank, almost men of genius, great captains, great rulers, great conquerors, but only this one's name—for Saladin was not a caliph—has struck root in western memory. In a more shadowy, but equally magnificent way, he is as well known as Solomon. There was, however, neither in his history or his character enough of separateness to account for the distinction. Haroun had no relation to Europe beyond a ceremonial correspondence which he kept up with Charlemagne. He never alarmed, or benefited, or interested the West. He was a vigorous ruler, but his victories over the slowly dying Greek Empire were no greater than the victories of many a predecessor and successor; and his triumphs in Africa, which were really important to Mahommedanism, and riveted its chain on Egypt and the southern shore of the Mediterranean, were probably scarcely known, except perhaps to Charlemagne's advisers. He made of Baghdad a magnificent capital, the centre of western Asia; but Europeans scarcely went there, and of his buildings and his splendor only a vague tradition remains. The Mahommedan world recalls him as a second Solomon, the most magnificent and wise of mankind; but except that he had a keen eye for ability, and, like all great Mahommedan sovereigns, sought it among the lowest, he was very like many another caliph,—a brave and audacious ruler, who did justice when it could be done dramatically and suddenly, but who was governed first of all by his own caprices, and became at last, like the early Cæsars and later moguls, half mad with drink, voluptuousness, and the intoxication of his own power. He pardoned for the sake of a jest, and executed to avenge a sarcasm. He was not exceptionally cruel enough to create a tradition, such as lingers even outside Russia round the name of Ivan the Terrible, for his one exceptional act, the slaughter of the Barmecide family, who had done so much for him, though it horrified his court, has not dimmed his name in Asiatic eyes, and was not an act of unusual atrocity. Professor Palmer, we see, in the admirable sketch he has just published of the caliph,\* adheres to the idea that Haroun had received some indignity from his vizier, Giaffar—we keep the popular spelling—and acted from wounded pride of family; but he himself gives illustrations of the

\* The New Plutarch Series—Haroun Alraschid. By Professor E. H. Palmer. London: Marcus Ward and Co. 1880.



Barmecides' demeanor which no absolute sovereign in Asia would tolerate, more especially one who may have known that his great servant was in secret not only an "infidel" as regards Mahommedanism, but a determined idolator, adhering always to the faith of the fire-worshippers. That suspicion has always attached traditionally to the Barmecides, and would account for Haroun's otherwise unintelligible caprice in ordering that though Giaffar might be wedded to the caliph's sister, the marriage must never be consummated. No sincere Mussulman — and Haroun was that — can ever be quite so mad with family pride as Haroun is represented to have been, though he would feel a deep, superstitious horror lest there should be one of his race with infidel blood in his veins. The whole story of Giaffar's fate, admirably related by the professor, shows a man moved by jealousy, indeed, of his subject's power and riches — as Henry VIII. was moved by Wolsey's — but struggling throughout, even while giving the orders for a series of murders, with a deep affection and respect, overmastered by some secret impulse of greater force than jealousy. Indeed, while openly expressing his vexation at the Barmecides' pomp and riches, Haroun admitted afterwards that his motive was a secret to all but himself, and must remain one, — a remark which the secret infidelity of the house of Barmek, a house of hereditary guardians of the sacred fire, would exactly explain. Haroun dared not acknowledge to the Mahommedan world that he had so trusted and honored infidels.

It is neither through his splendor, nor his originality of character, nor his capricious cruelty, that Haroun Alraschid has become immortal in western Europe, nor even through his position as the original hero of the only Oriental legends with which the European mind is familiar. Without the "Arabian Nights," he would, of course, have remained unknown; but there are other heroes in those stories nearly as prominent, who, nevertheless, are comparatively unregarded. It is because Haroun, as represented in those legends, realizes more completely than any other human being the European conception of what an Asiatic ruler must be and should be, that he has obtained so personal a hold upon men's minds. There is such a conception, little as Europe knows of the East, a conception so profound that it daily affects all French schemes for the government of Algeria, and English

schemes for the government of India — where, to this hour, half the officials clamor for the ruler who "sits in the gate," and remedies wrongs by pure volition, unshackled by any law — and it is this which Haroun fulfils. He, with his vast wealth, and endless profusion, and innumerable slaves, and absolute power, and caprice so permanent that caprice seems in him natural, and the rules of right and wrong inapplicable to him, — Haroun, with the skilful vizier, Giaffar, and the black executioner, Mesrouf, always by his side, and invested with the invisible but resistless authority before which, when he reveals himself, the greatest and the humblest alike tremble, is the ideal caliph, and the caliph is the ideal monarch of the East. His pomp and his secret wanderings, his wild fits of cruelty and wilder fits of mercy and justice; his generosity, unburdened by considerations of policy; his license, which knows of no restraint, yet seems half-innocent, from the total absence of possible law or limit, — are all in exact accord and harmony with a pre-existing conception, which his example has strengthened, but did not solely create, and are therefore all welcomed with such pleasure, that Englishmen feel nothing absurd in the hero of the "Arabian Nights" — at best, a half-mad despot, with some impulse, when not thwarted, towards benevolence — being hymned by Tennyson, and repeat to themselves the refrain, "For it was in the golden prime of good Haroun Alraschid," with an enjoyment not wholly due to melody. They are conscious of a liking for this magnificent and bizarre figure, this Henri Quatre of Asia released from European limitations, which is not wholly due, as Tennyson half suggests, to the excited fancy of infancy, but in part, at least, arises from a subtler source. The European has rooted the Asiatic strain nearly out of his thought, but not out of his imagination, and Haroun of Baghdad occupies a grand place in the life he leads in day-dreams. Who, good or bad, would not be Haroun for a few days, and give for a few hours full range to caprice, though the caprice were to wander, undetected but all-powerful, redressing all wrongs without tedious discussion, or slow toil, or exhausting effort, testing all characters with sudden wealth or momentary misfortune, realizing every wish, be it for good or evil, by a whisper to Giaffar or Mesrouf? Let the friend be exalted and the enemy pass from earth, as we stroll through the moonlight, conscious of a

power at once irresistible and righteous, a power that makes us drunk like wine with its mere possession. Haroun Alraschid is to the day-dreams of men with imaginations, when they give themselves the rein, what other — let us hope worthier — heroes are to their sober thoughts. It is Aladdin who attracts, and the great caliph is Aladdin crowned. That is the secret of his undying charm for the Western as well as the Oriental world, a charm which will have no limit in time, and which is so strong that it is a positive pleasure to find a solemn Cambridge professor of Arabic who tells us all he knows of the real, as well as the legendary, Haroun — and he tells us much of both — confirming the old ideal, which, if he had known ten times as much, and had been twenty times as charming a *raconteur* as he is — and we have met few such — we venture to say he, nevertheless, could not have disturbed. It is a mental luxury to find that Arabic historians declare Haroun of the "Arabian Nights" to have ordered the execution of Giaffar, the vizier, thus :

It was on a Thursday morning, and Haroun sat there holding his Council. Now, Thursday was Jaafer's cavalcade day. Presently he said, "Mesrúr, do not go far away from me." Then the people came in and saluted him, and sat in their respective places, and Jaafer came too, and Haroun received him with the greatest cordiality, and welcomed him, and smiled upon him, and laughed and joked with him, and he sat next the caliph. Jaafer then brought out the letters he had received from various quarters, and the caliph listened to them and decided upon all the petitions and claims, etc., which they contained. Then Jaafer asked to be allowed to leave for Khorassan that day, and the caliph called for the astrologer, who was sitting near, and asked him what o'clock it was. "Half past nine o'clock," answered the astrologer, and took the altitude of the sun for him; and Alraschid reckoned it up himself, and looked in his "Nautical Almanack," and said, "To-day, my brother, is an unlucky one for you, and this is an unlucky hour, and I fancy something serious is going to happen in it. However, stay over the Friday prayers, and go when the stars are more propitious; then pass the night in Nahrawan, start early the next morning, and get on the road during the day — that is better than going now." Jaafer would not agree to what the caliph said, until he had taken the astrolabe in his own hands from the astrologer, and had taken the altitude and reckoned it up for himself. Then he said, "By Allah, you speak the truth, O Prince of the Faithful! I never saw a star burning more fiercely, or a narrower course in the zodiac than to-day." Then he went home, people of all ranks making much of him as he went. At last he reached his palace,

surrounded by troops, transacted his business, and sent the crowds away. But he had hardly retired to his apartments when Alraschid sent Mesrúr, saying, "Go to him at once and bring him here, and say to him, 'A letter has just come from Khorassan.' When he comes through the first door, post the soldiers there; at the second, post the slaves. Do not let any of his people come in with him, but bring him in alone, and turn him aside to the Turkish tent I bade you set up yesterday; and when he is inside, behead him, and bring his head to me, and do not acquaint any one of God's creatures with what I have ordered, and do not trouble me again about it." . . . But when Jaafer got through the first gate and saw the soldiers, and then through the second and saw the slaves, and then through the third, he turned, and finding none of his own attendants, and seeing that he was alone in the court, he blamed himself for coming out as he did, but it was too late to retrace his steps. Then Mesrúr led him to the tent, and made him go inside and sit down as usual; but seeing no one there, he perceived that some mischief was brewing, and said, "Mesrúr, my brother, what is the matter?" "I am your brother," answered Mesrúr, "and in your house, and you ask me what's the matter. You know well enough — your time has come. The Prince of the Faithful has ordered me to cut off your head, and take it to him at once." Jaafer wept a little, and then began to kiss Mesrúr's hands and feet, and say, "Oh, my brother! oh, Mesrúr! you know how good I have been to you more than to any of the pages or members of the household, and that I always did what you asked me, day and night. You know what position I hold, and what influence I have with the Prince of the Faithful, and how he entrusts me with all his secrets. Perhaps some one may have traduced me to him. I have here two hundred thousand dinars (about £100,000). I will produce them for you immediately, if you will only let me get away from here." "I cannot do it," said Mesrúr. . . . And he kept on weeping and imploring him, and clinging so to life, that Mesrúr said, "Well, it may be managed." So he took off the sword and sword-belt, and set forty black slaves to guard the tent, and went to the caliph. The latter was sitting down, perspiring with rage, holding a cane in his hand, and digging it into the ground. When he saw Mesrúr, he said, "May thy mother be bereaved of thee! What hast thou done in the matter of Jaafer?" "I have done what you ordered." "Where is his head?" "In the tent." "Fetch it me at once." So Mesrúr went back, and found Jaafer on his knees praying. He did not give him time to finish his prayer, but drew his sword and cut off his head, and took it by the beard and threw it before the Prince of the Faithful, all dripping as it was with blood. The caliph heaved a deep sigh, and wept terribly, and dug his stick in the earth after each word that he spoke, and gnashed his teeth on the walking-stick, and addressed the head, say-

ing, "Oh, Jaafer, did I not put you on an equality with myself? Oh, Jaafer, how have you requited me? You have neither observed my rights nor kept your pact with me. You have forgotten my bounty; you have not looked to the results of actions. You have not reflected on the vicissitudes of fortune. You have not counted on the revolutions of time and the changes of human circumstances. Oh, Jaafer, you have deceived me in my family; disgraced me before all men. Oh, Jaafer, you have done evil to me and to yourself."

It is all so true, and all occurred only three years ago, when the khedive ordered his chancellor of the exchequer, his own foster-brother, to be slain, and drove him in his own carriage, with kind words and soothing smiles, to the place of arrest.

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From The Spectator.

#### AN APOLOGY FOR THE SNOW.

THE snow, so long as it lasts, is certainly a mild kind of plague, — not nearly so bad as the locusts, not so bad, probably, as the dust-storms of the East, not to be compared with a universal boil, or the tsetse fly, — but still, a plague which suddenly paralyzes the ordinary action of man over a great surface of life, and reduces him to something like the helplessness of his savage state. If snow were to fall for a week at anything like the rate at which it fell on Tuesday, we believe that a good deal of London would be before the end of that time suffering severely from hunger. All the railways would be blocked; the only approach to town possible would be on sledges, and even the approach on sledges might be extremely difficult, on account of the softness of the snow, which renders the locomotion much more difficult for horses than in a Canadian winter. Snow in this climate is clearly a serious plague, even if we admit it to be a mild plague, but there is something to be said for it, nevertheless. "Eöthen" speaks of a snowstorm as "a mysterious, unaccountable, uncomfortable work of God, which may have been sent for some good purpose, — to be revealed hereafter." But perhaps we need not wait quite so long for a revelation of the good it does, or may do.

In the first place, it makes ordinary men put out a great deal more effort than usual to secure very much smaller results, and yet they feel a great deal better pleased with those more costly results, than they were with the larger results of less labor. Nothing is more curious than

the general good-will which seems to result from a snowstorm, and which, indeed, is rather irritating than otherwise to people whose heads ache with snow, and whose limbs are not strong enough for any hilarious conflict with snowdrifts. The English people, on the whole, obviously enjoy the luxury of fighting their way against an unaccustomed obstacle. They regard the whole thing as an elaborate stroke of humor, which is not only enjoyable, but really enjoyed. Indeed, they feel a certain virtuous self-satisfaction in getting through all their work at a doubled or trebled cost of effort, which almost raises their stimulated sense of fun into benignant radiance. Moreover, it is a capital thing for men to learn, — if they would learn, — that so far from having a moral right to an increase of profit for every increased expenditure of labor, they ought to be thankful for being sometimes allowed to earn what they do by a far greater expenditure of labor than they usually bestow, — that harder work even for the same reward is often a blessing and not a curse; that at all events, when life is lived, as it so often is, at half-power, anything which calls upon us for a new and more vigorous heave at the obstacles before us, does us good, and not harm. We do not know that this good effect of the snow would last through a very long trial of the kind, but if it did, it would do still more good. Ordinary men never think of screwing themselves up to higher effort than the mere gaining of their livelihood demands, and when that is, as it usually is, much below what they are capable of putting forth, it is good for them in every way, — good for their hearts and good for their nerves, — to make the discovery that they have a great reserve of power, which, at a pinch, enables them not only to do their own work well when it is more laborious than usual, but a good deal of other people's, who are less capable, too.

Another thing the snow does for us. It emphasizes for us much more pointedly than we could for ourselves the rarity and exceptional character of such tasking obstacles. It shows us how, living, as we do, on the very verge of conditions which would render our life and civilization utterly impossible, the conditions which would thus make it impossible are yet almost always suppressed. Of course, under a frequently repeated snowstorm like Tuesday's and Wednesday's the present life of England could never have become what it is, or anything like what it

is. It would have been an Esquimaux life, and not an English life. And yet these conditions, which would have made our life so utterly different, and kept so much of the existing life from ever existing at all, are always close at hand. The inconvenience we have felt this week is the measure of the inconvenience from which we are free, without remembering it, during almost every other week in the year. Nothing impresses on us so much as this how unstable the conditions of our civilization are, how easy it would be, with a very slight alteration in the physical conditions of the earth, to destroy the whole structure of our communications, whether in the way of railway, telegraph, or literature, and this by virtue of no process more formidable than a rapid and constant transformation of the rain into these soft, white crystals, which at first sight seem so much less aggressive than rain. The lesson of a snowstorm, if it only impresses on us that the conditions of our present human life are utterly unstable conditions, and that with no change greater than the change which is sure to come in time from the precession of the equinoxes, this part of our earth will be inhabited, if at all, under Arctic conditions once more,—would be useful by destroying all that “perilous stuff” of which the moral atmosphere is full, the tendency of which is to attribute all the so-called progressiveness of man to purely inevitable causes, and to persuade us that humanity by its own prowess has obtained for itself a fixity of tenure of all its various modern achievements, whereas really it is only a tenant-at-will, with notice to quit whenever the Arctic cycle comes round again.

And the snowstorm seems to us very impressive from another point of view. It teaches us how fine and delicate a substance may be rendered in the highest sense paralyzing and obstructive, if it can only be produced in sufficient quantity. The finer the snow is, and the softer it is, and the more easily it melts so long as it does not melt without friction, the more obstructive it is. The nearer it is to rain, so long as it retains its character of snow, the more completely it foils locomotion and makes the usual intercourse of man impossible. And is not that true of other sorts of obstruction? The nearer a word is to a mere word, so long as it has body enough to keep out a deed, the more paralyzing and unconquerable as an agency of obstruction it is. With the word that is a deed, you know how to

deal. It incurs a responsibility, and creates a certain force of resistance or support. But with the word that is not a deed, but only prevents some other word which is a deed from being uttered, no one knows how to deal; and so, like very fine snow, which is not solid enough to support a sledge, and is solid enough to embarrass the motion of a carriage, it is infinitely more obstructive than the more positive word which represents action. All the more perfect forms of obstruction are half-way things,—things liable to change their forms at the least application of pressure,—solid now, liquid then,—fluid now, gaseous then,—things that you do not know how to deal with, because the moment you begin to deal with them, they become something else than they were. A substance so impalpable that it gets into every cranny, and so near the point at which it changes its form that you can hardly do anything without finding something else in its place, is the perfect type of obstructiveness. And surely that is a lesson in the evil of obstructiveness, an evil which is due to the quantity of ambiguous and indeterminate purpose in man,—purpose determinate enough to embarrass right action, but not determinate enough to confront right action with anything that can be called, and therefore that elicits the emotion which is appropriate to, action determinately wrong.

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From Hardwicke's Science-Gossip.  
THE PLANE-TREE.

THIS tree is celebrated in the earliest record of Grecian history; Homer frequently mentions “the shady plane.” It was dedicated by the Greeks to the beautiful Helen, and it is said that the bridal wreath which she wore on the occasion of her marriage with Menelaus was partly composed of the catkins of this tree. Theocritus, a poet who flourished 282 B.C., represents the virgins of Sparta introducing the plane in the epithalamium or marriage song of their princesses, thus,—

Reverence me, for I am the tree of Helen.

One Persian monarch, Xerxes, when invading Greece with his prodigious army, appears to have lost his reason at the sight of one of these magnificent trees he found in Phrygia. He compelled his army to encamp in the neighborhood,

whilst he adorned the tree with all the jewels belonging to himself, his concubines, and the principal men of his court, until the branches were loaded with gems, necklaces, bracelets, and ornaments of every kind. He called it his mistress and his goddess, and it was some days before he could be prevailed on to leave the tree of which he was so enamored, and even then he caused a figure of it to be stamped on a gold medal which he constantly wore about him. Herodotus relates that he encircled this favorite tree with a collar of gold, and confided the charge of it to one of the ten thousand. It is said that the delay occasioned by this foolish freak was one of the causes of his defeat. The Romans named this tree *platanus* from the Greeks, and they appear to have held it in equal veneration with their more eastern neighbors. They planted the public and academic walks of their imperial city with it. When first introduced into Rome it was cultivated with much industry and at great cost, by their orators and statesmen; we are told that Cicero and Hortensius would exchange now and then a turn at the bar, that they might step to their handsome villas and irrigate the roots of these favorite trees, not with water but with wine. Pliny informs us that the plane-tree was first brought over the Torrian Sea, into the island of Diomede, where it was planted to ornament the tomb of that hero. This same author records the particulars of several remarkable plane-trees, and tells us of one in Lycia that had a cavity or hollow in the trunk which measured eighty-one feet in circumference. The summit of this tree, notwithstanding the internal decay of the trunk, is said to have been sufficiently umbrageous to have borne quite a little forest of branches aloft. In this singular tree Licinius Mucianus, when consul, used to give dinner and supper parties, and he sometimes preferred sleeping in the hollow; perhaps, on account of the wine imbibed on such occasions, he was unable to walk home. The emperor Caligula found an extraordinary plane-tree, near Velitræ, in the cavity of which he gave a supper party to fifteen of his debauched courtiers, leaving ample room for his train of attendants to wait on the company. The emperor called it the "feast of the nest," because it had been given in a tree. Pliny states that when this tree was first introduced into the country of the Morini, a maritime people of Gaul, the inhabit-

ants paid a tribute to the Romans for permission to enjoy its shade. The Oriental plane appears to have been introduced into England about the middle of the sixteenth century.

From The Spectator.

THE STORM,\* 1881.

DAME Nature, perusing the newspaper page,  
Jumped out of her bed in a deuce of a rage;  
And swore by all saints to the calendar known,  
She would prove on the spot she'd a will of  
her own.

"I have waited and waited," quoth she, "by  
the mass,

In the hope things might come to a likelier  
pass;

When sham 'Peace and Honor' were kicked  
out o' door,

I swore to give England a chance or two more.  
In return for that kicking, I gave her a year

To the heart of the Briton I thought might be  
dear;

With a warm sun above him, a kind earth  
below,

And seasons as true as the ocean at flow, —  
When crops might all flourish, and harvest in-  
crease,

And Trade lift her head for a worthier peace;  
When Zulus and Afghans might rest on their  
oars,

And Bartle be fêted on civilized shores;  
I drank power to his elbow, though under the  
sun

Bartle's elbow had wrought all the harm to be  
done, —

Believing, at least, the small reason of men  
Would prevent him from shaking that elbow  
again.

I bowed out my Dizzy, nor grudged him the  
while

Of my sister, Dame Fortune, the kindest  
smile

(For tho' Truth in the end should compel us  
to flee him

We both of us know a big man when we see  
him).

I bowed in my Gladstone, right worthy to  
share

Once more in the 'will of the popular air; '†  
And to warm-hearted Erin I hoped to impart,

To her brains, just a glow from the warmth of  
her heart.

O *frustra!* *nequidquam!* in vain I rehearse  
My sinking of heart in my querulous verse,

Be the end of the play in a sock or a buskin,  
'Twill drive us at last to the moral of Ruskin —

That rival rat-catchers as worthily strive  
For rule, as the best politicians alive!

\* "Such as of late o'er pale Britannia passed."

ADDISON.

† *Arbitrio popularis auræ.*



For, for good or for ill be their purpose and aim,

The rats that they hunt will be always the same.

Obstructives obstruct who obstructed before,  
And Parliament meets to be merely a bore;  
By Tories created, by Tories deplored,  
In the Queen's House of Commons mere Brass  
is the lord;

Sleek Northcote calls angels and saints to his aid,

And like Frankenstein shrinks from the monster he made,

And while his poor hands he in humbleness rubs,

The Tory bear-leader is led by his cubs.

St. Stephen's still echoes the infantine Churchill,

(Whose pedagogues, surely, used ruler and birch ill,

When they fostered the pea in its juvenile pod,  
And ruined the child by avoiding the rod;)

Still Salisbury utters his figments serene,  
Still Anarchy stalks o'er the desolate scene;

Nor Bright, nor Mundella, nor Dilke, has pretence

To infuse in the mixture one tittle of sense.

The O'Shine, the O'Paque, the O'Brian Boru,  
Give the best of bad brains their own land to undo;

O'Tongs and MacHammer keep pounding away,

The first half the night, and the second all day,  
With never a glimmer of wit to the fore,

All-powerless to speak, and all-powerful to bore,—

Till Ireland's dead Currans indignant disclaim  
The darkness of dulness now linked with her name.

Historic McCarthy, on history nursed,  
Tries to make of his 'own times' the weakest and worst;

Parnell plays the stalest of demagogue play,  
To be called 'King Parnell' talks his country away;

And while England, awake to the wrongs of the past,

The mantle of Love over Erin would cast,—  
Bad landlords would banish, good tenants would bless,

And kiss a loved sister with sister's caress,—  
These self-seeking weaklings, of Pigmydom born,

Make Ireland a desert, and England a scorn.

If there's not in the wide world a valley so sweet

As that in whose bosom the bright waters meet,

Oh! sad was that valley when luckless she fell  
To thee and to thine, landlord-hating Parnell!

What differs the past from the present, I pray?  
Wherein, please, is yesterday worse than to-day?

The floor of your Commons is held by the men  
Who held it before, and now hold it again;  
Dishonor the master, and Honor trod down,  
And Northcote submissive to Salisbury's frown,—

The country, o'erweary, o'erpatient, o'erworn,  
Uprising in murmurs of infinite scorn,  
And asking wherein, to those that have eyes,  
Between 'Whig' and 'Tory' the difference lies.

I am weary of all of you — weary and sad —  
Where weak beyond weak seems the best to be had;

Since for right and for reason no strength ye have got,  
By the Lord of creation, I'll 'Boycott' the lot!"

Dame Nature arose, in her infinite strength,  
In the depths of her spirit outwearied at length;

The east wind and north wind she summoned to throw

Over earth, sea, and heaven her masterful snow.

She "Boycotted" London from Kew to Mile End,

Bade Thames to the tempest his armory lend,—

She locked up two judges forlorn and alone,  
And forced on the House a *clôture* of her own;  
She blocked the steel rails, man-invented to prove

That man was the master of force from above;  
She laughed at his mission, she mocked at his word,

And through the loud storm-drift her warning was heard:

"Ay! speak from the west, and foretell to a day

When the storm-cloud shall break, and the lightning shall play;

Foretelling is folly, and knowledge for fools,  
For the wisest of men keep the oldest of rules,  
Ye fret me, ye stir me, ye move me to mirth,  
At your Lownesses crawling 'twixt heaven and earth.

My tide it shall gather, my storm it shall burst,—

In their own thoughts alone, sirs, your last shall be first.

In an hour of the tempest, a frown of the cloud,

I stoop to the humble, I threaten the proud."

H. M.